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THE REPUBLICAN.

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START WORK ON PRISON IN NEXT FEW MONTHS

Will Soon Advertise for Bids for Erecting First Building.

THEN START ON WALL

Several Years Required to Advance Work to Point Where 1000 or More Prisoners May be Transferred Here From Pittsburg.

As predicted in "The Republican" last week, the McBride's gap site nearby Bellefonte, has been selected as the location for the proposed new State penitentiary. Warden John Francies is authority for the announcement that work on the project will be begun as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

The first steps will be to place engineers on the ground to determine the location of the main wall and prison buildings. The first building to be erected will be one of sufficient capacity to house about 100 men. This will not be a temporary structure, but a permanent building which will later be converted into a workshop for prisoners. This building will be let by contract, the contract to be awarded by public bidding. As soon as it is ready for occupancy upward of 100 prisoners will be brought here from the western penitentiary, at Pittsburg, and put to work on the construction of the main prison wall, which will enclose probably 106 acres

No definite decision has been reached as to the exact location of the main buildings, other than that they will be placed nearby the Pennsylvania railroad. Dale Summit has been mentioned as likely to be the location, although this will not be decided until the land has been surveyed and the general plan for the entire project has been mapped out. Once it is determined where the main prison buildings are to be placed, a private railroad line will be run from the buildings to the farming section of the site.

For the present, at least, the several farms on the site will be rented out, probably to the tenants now occupying them. This will not interfere with construction work on other parts of the site. Once the project is well under way, a reservoir, with a capacity of 70,000,000 gallons of water, coming from springs in McBride's gap, will be built.

Several years will be required in advancing the construction work to the point where all of the 1000 or more prisoners in the western penitentiary will be brought here. There are 25 to 26 women prisoners in the western penitentiary. A separate and smaller prison will be built for them here. As soon as the western penitentiary is shifted here the project of moving the eastern penitentiary, at Philadelphia, will be taken up. With the idea of consolidating the two big prisons in view, the main prison wall will not be completed until the consolidation is under way. When the two prisons are merged there will be 3000 or more prisoners under the one management on the new site.

The foregoing sums up the situation as outlined first-handed by Warden Francies. It explains, he added, the situation as well as it may be described at this time. Before leaving Bellefonte last week the Board of Penitentiary Inspectors met and formally voted to accept the McBride's gap site. Their recommendation will unquestionably receive the approval of Governor Tener. This approval is necessary, the bill making provision for the new prison directing that the site be chosen by the Board of Prison Inspectors and the Governor. At this time $1,250,000 is available for purchasing the site and beginning work on the project. The cost of the completed work can hardly be estimated. That it will run into a number of millions of dollars is anticipated. The plan in view is to have succeeding Legislatures appropriate money as it is needed to continue the work.

To every man who in any way aided in securing the new penitentiary for Centre County the thanks of the people here are due. Standing out conspicuously in all the negotiations, examinations of sites, etc., is the fact that Warden Francies is the man responsible for the selection of McBride's gap. His was the guiding hand, his the controlling mind. It was his judgment that the McBride's gap site was the most desirable of all offered. His instruction, direct from Governor Tener, was that the best site should be secured. He first convinced himself that McBride gap was what was wanted. He next brought Governor Tener and the Board of Penitentiary Inspectors to his way of thinking. **Political influence and pressure of all kinds was exercised to have other sites selected.** One other site, in particular, was urged and behind the urging political influence from high sources was used to the very last. Warden Francies, however, said that if the best site was wanted McBride's gap should and would be selected. He won out.

Col. W. Fred Reynolds, J. Linn Harris, Robert F. Hunter, Henry C. Quigley and others devoted much time and energy in making possible the selection of McBride's gap. They rendered valuable aid in securing options. Col. Reynolds and many of the other land owners made every reasonable concession in the matter of price rather than see the big prison go to some other locality. The popular belief is that Col. Reynolds disposed of all of his lands. This is not the case. At one time all of his farms were included in the proposed site, but at the eleventh hour he agreed to hold out two farms near Roopsburg in order that the total cost of the entire acreage might be brought within the amount laid aside for the purpose. He has given options for two years on these two farms and it may be that eventually the State will purchase them.

The following is the first accurate list of tracts comprising the McBride's gap site to be published:

Owner	Acres
John Angstadt	2½
John C. Barnes	20
Charles T. Bilger	100
William Bilger	140
Daniel Callahan, Sr	5
William E. Crust	122
Daniel C. Callahan, Jr	15
I. J. Dreese	242
E. Howard Grove	100
Anthony W. Garver	12
John Houser	252
J. A. Hoover	10
Henry H. Houser	64
S. H. Hoy	100
John P. Ishler	190
Henry C. Noll	6
W. Fred Reynolds	2145
Sarah Stover	19
George P. Thomas	128
Wistar Estate	45
Harry E. Zimmerman	275
	3992½
State Forest Reserve	936
Total number of acres	4928½
Total cost	$190,944.39

The formal selection of the site for the new penitentiary marks the second practical step in the realization of plans evolved by Warden Francies and which in his judgment will make the Pennsylvania prison the greatest in the world. The first step was in securing from the last Legislature authority to purchase a site and remove the present western penitentiary. When Warden Francies first broached the subject his friends pronounced it visionary. Now his views are accepted as embodying a plan for the care and treatment of prisoners which not only has a beautiful sentiment underlying it but which aims to lessen crime and send prisoners back into the world better and more useful men.

Under the present system, labor laws, limited territory and numerous other conditions tend to make it impossible to give employment to more than a small

(continued on page 4)

TO ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FIRE CONSUMES STOCK

Valuable Cattle and Horses Burned in G. H. Leathers' Barn.

Twenty-eight head of blooded cattle and four horses were burned to death in a fire which completely destroyed the barn on the George H. Leathers farm, several miles above Howard, early Saturday morning of last week. All of the contents of the barn were destroyed including a large quantity of grain, farming implements, etc. The origin of the blaze is not known. It may have been caused by tramps.

The loss is about $4000, with only about $800 insurance, which was on the grain. The cattle were valued at $1400, the horses at $500, the machinery at about $200, the grain at $800, and the building at $1500. A large corn crib, containing upward of $1000 bushels of corn, caught fire but was saved.

The blaze was discovered about 3.40 o'clock in the morning by Albert Robinson, who occupies a dwelling house on the farm. He was awakened by a commotion in the barn. By the time he and Mr. Leathers had reached the building the interior was a mass of flames and the air was filled with the cries of the cattle and horses. The men were powerless to rescue the animals and their cries continued until drowned out by the crackling of the burning building. The cattle were Jerseys and Holsteins, secured by Mr. Leathers who planned breeding and raising blooded stock and selling milk to the Mill Hall condensary.

The Pleasant Gap "Mummers" will parade to Bellefonte on New Year's day leaving Pleasant Gap at noon. Outside organizations desiring to participate will be welcome.

OLD SOLDIER DEAD

D. W. Shivery Passed Away Following Stroke of Paralysis.

D. W. Shivery, a well known old soldier, died at 9 o'clock on Friday morning of last week on the old Shivery homestead, nearby Gray's cemetery, in Buffalo Run. He was seized with a stroke of paralysis at midnight on the preceding Wednesday and never regained consciousness. Interment was made in Gray's cemetery at 10 o'clock on Monday morning.

Had he lived until March of next year Mr. Shivery would have been 74 years of age. While a young man he enlisted in the 148th. Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, serving with distinction and bravery in defense of the flag. He was the last surviving member of his family. Surviving him are a widow and three daughters and two sons, as follows: David, Orvis and Ethel, at home, and Mrs. Ollie Brumgard, of Salona, and Mrs. Roy Wasson, of Stormstown. He was the uncle of D. H. Shivery, of Bellefonte.

Appointed Justice of Peace.

H. C. Warfel, of Philipsburg, was this week appointed a Justice of the Peace, taking the place of B. J. LaPorte, resigned.

Recommends Wool Revision.

In a special message to Congress yesterday, President Taft recommended revision downward in the wool schedule.

BEECH CREEK ROBBERY

Thieves Ransack Postoffice; Carry Off and Crack Safe.

What was probably the work of expert cracksmen was the robbery of the Beech Creek postoffice early Monday morning. After breaking into the building and ransacking it, the burglars carried off the safe to an alley near George D. Hess' grist mill. There, with a charge of nitro glycerine, the door of the safe was blown off, being found later fully fifty feet from where the explosion took place. The exact amount of the loss was not made public, although it is said to represent about $50 in pennies, nickels and dimes, also one thousand one-cent stamps and one thousand two-cent stamps.

The safe was blown open about 2 o'clock in the morning. Many persons heard the report, but nobody paid any particular attention to it, assuming that somebody was firing off a gun. When postmaster Harry H. Fearon went to the postoffice on Monday morning he quickly discovered what had happened. The burglars had jimmied open the door and then proceeded behind the letter case, where the safe, weighing 500 pounds, stood. There were several men in the party, for they were able to pick up the heavy safe and carry it fully one hundred yards from the postoffice.

The thieves escaped leaving behind no really important clue as to their identity. Tracks in the mud showed that there were at least three in the crowd. On Saturday a stranger was noticed on the street but so far as is recalled by those who observed him he did not appear at the postoffice. It is supposed that he was sent ahead to figure out the general lay of the land. He was a man weighing about 200 pounds, of ruddy complexion and apparently middle-aged.

During the same night a door in the store room of John Liggett was pried open, but the thieves found the place unoccupied and quickly left.

Barn Burned at Marsh Creek.

The large barn on the John James farm, in Pole Cat hollow, on Marsh Creek, was burned to the ground on Saturday evening of last week. Mr. James explained that he left a lantern on the floor of the barn while he went up into the mow to throw down cornfodder for his stock. While he was in the mow, he stated, the lantern exploded. By cutting the tie straps of his horses and cattle he was able to save all of his stock except one cow. A wagon, valued at $85, and about $300 worth of hay were destroyed. The grain was in another building and was not damaged. The loss is placed at about $1200, with $500 insurance on the barn and $350 on the contents.

No Paper Next Week.

In keeping with custom, no paper will be issued from "The Republican" office during Christmas week. The management wishes each and all of its many friends a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Died in Hospital.

Herbert Webb, a resident of Snow Shoe, died in the Lock Haven hospital at 4 o'clock Tuesday morning, his death being due to a complication of diseases. He was aged about 63 years.

WILL BELLEFONTE HAVE STREET RAILWAY LINE?

Interest Now Centers on Likelihood of Road to State College.

OLD FRANCHISE VOID

Right Granted by Council to Build Electric Line Through Bellefonte Lapsed in October—Business Men Considering Project.

Now that the new State penitentiary is assured for the McBride's gap site, nearby town, business men and many others are speculating on the prospects for the building of a street railway line from Bellefonte to State College. Upon all sides the question is asked:

"Will such a line be built?"

Thus far nobody seems to be in position to throw any light upon the subject. All agree, however, that if Bellefonte is to receive the desired benefit from the location of the new penitentiary, at McBride's gap there must be a connecting link in the form of a street railway line. Otherwise, it is feared, much of the business that would naturally come to Bellefonte would drift to other points.

During the last few weeks, and particularly in the last ten days, a number of Bellefonte business men have taken up the question of doing something themselves in the event outside capitalists do not carry out the frequently announced intention to build the line. The matter may be one of several to come up for discussion at the meeting to be held at 11 o'clock, January 11, in the Council chamber, to effect a permanent organization of a Board of Trade.

As we read the franchise ordinance, passed by Bellefonte Council at the instance of the old "Centre County Traction Company," granting a franchise to build a street railway line through Bellefonte, the rights therein granted have lapsed. If our understanding of the matter is correct, a new franchise must be secured by anybody proposing building such a line. W. C. Hagen, of Roopsburg, was the president of the so-called "Centre County Traction Company." In the last few months Mr. Hagan has visited Bellefonte and while here has stated that "his people" were willing and ready to go ahead and build the line immediately upon definite information that the new penitentiary would be located at McBride's gap. He has also volunteered the statement that the necessary money for the undertaking would be forthcoming when needed. Since the formal announcement that the McBride's gap site has been selected for the big prison nothing has been heard from Mr. Hagen; at least, nothing has been made public or disclosed to local business men.

The franchise ordinance, granting a franchise in Bellefonte to the Hagen company was passed by Bellefonte Council on September 11, 1909. It was formally accepted by the Hagen company on October 11, 1909, just two years, two months and ten days ago, today. The franchise ordinance contains this specific requirement:

"That work shall be commenced by the said traction company on its main line within the borough within one year, and the same shall be in full operation within two years from the date of acceptance of this ordinance, or all rights, consents and privileges hereby granted shall be null and void upon all streets and highways covered by the main line within said period, any delay however occasioned by the mandate of any court shall be an excuse for non-continuance of work during such order; provided, however, that the said company shall have three years from the day of acceptance of this ordinance to extend and complete any branch lines or extensions that may be applied for by said railway company and granted by the said borough."

As to the acceptance by the company of the franchise the ordinance contained the following:

"This ordinance shall be void and all the rights granted hereunder shall cease and be of no effect unless the said company, its successors, assigns and lessees shall within thirty days after the passage and approval thereof file an acceptance of the same under their corporate seal with the secretary of the Council and shall pay the cost of publishing this ordinance and the resolution of acceptance therewith."

The foregoing requirement was complied with in regard to a formal acceptance of the ordinance.

"The Republican" is strongly in favor of granting a franchise to any reputable company or syndicate acting in good faith and actually intending building a street railway line through Bellefonte. We are just as firmly of the belief that before any new franchise is granted anybody Council should have an absolute guarantee that the line will be built in the immediate future and thus guard against handing a franchise to speculators whose sole purpose is to peddle it about. To grant a franchise to persons having no intention to build and merely using it to sell to other speculators simply **defers the time when Beltefonte is to have a street railway line.**

WESTERN PENITENTIARY COMMISSION.

WARDEN JOHN FRANCIES. WILLIAM PRICE. COL. C. A. BOOK, President. W. E. SANKEY. THOMAS A. DUNN.

When Christmas Came Back

It Brought With It Comfort to Two Lonely Persons

By MARTHA BURNHAM

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The snow lay level on the plains, but the distant ranges billowed white against a red and purple sunset. Two horses tracked across the unsullied whiteness, kicking up the snow in little sparkling flurries.

"You didn't want to stay all night at the Falls, Eben?" asked one of the riders, with a side glance at the handsome, sullen face of his companion.

"And get drunk as a lord by Christmas morning?" returned the other contemptuously. "I guess I'm pretty desperate, Dell, but I ain't mean and small enough to do that. I've got some self respect left."

"So've I," rejoined Dellmore quickly. "It's darned lonesome at the ranch, and it doesn't seem's if I could sit around all day tomorrer when other folks are keeping Christmas and just hear that chink singing around in that queer Chinese voice of his. It always reminds me of how different things are than they used to be."

"You mean when you were a boy?" asked Eben Rowe curiously.

"Yes. There was a big family of us, and we always had a ripping old time. They're all dead now except me. I got used to knowing I was all alone, but whenever Christmas comes around it seems as if I had to learn it all over again. I'm glad when it's the day after." Dellmore looked away and his strong, gray eyes winked rapidly.

"Same here," said Eben gruffly.

"Of course I've had dreams of having a home some day—getting married and seeing children around—and I've always had the idea of Christmas in mind whenever I thought about that home. I could see the tree and the row of stockings stuffed with things that I—er—we had bought over to the Falls." Dellmore's bronzed cheek reddened to a deeper tint than the vivid sunset.

"Same here," repeated Eben Rowe hoarsely.

Suddenly Dellmore threw out his hand and laughed recklessly. "But what's the use of talking?" he demanded. "It all came to nothing."

"Same here."

Dellmore turned and faced his companion. "Do you mean that, Eben, honest? Or are you joshing me?"

"Mean what?" asked the other steadily.

"That you've had all those experiences too? Of course I know about your being a boy and losing all your folks same as I did—that's a common case—but about having dreams of—of—a home and youngsters and Christmas and having it all come to nothing after all!"

"Every word you've said has struck home to me," assured Eben Rowe, his dark eyes on his companion's face.

"It's queer, too—us being partners for two years and knowing so little about each other. Maybe—maybe yours didn't marry some other feller," he suggested shamefacedly.

"She did," said Rowe briefly.

"Well, he couldn't have been a pinheaded schoolteacher from the east," insisted Dellmore, as if he were jealous of his own mortification.

"He was," came Rowe's astonishing reply.

They turned startled questioning eyes upon each other as questions and answers flew fast.

"Name wasn't Graham?" demanded Dellmore.

"It was."

"Not Abel Graham?"

"That's it."

Eben Rowe's handsome face was bent downward. When he spoke his jaw was set grimly as if to control some emotion that would have sway.

"Her name was Lucy Farr," he said between his teeth.

For a long while after that there was no sound save the thud of horses' hoofs and the distant crowing of cocks from the ranch which they were approaching.

"She wasn't to blame," blurted Dellmore suddenly. "She never encouraged me."

"Me neither," agreed Eben Rowe heavily. "A girl can't help it if a couple of cowpunchers get locoed over her. I ain't a cowpuncher now, but I was then—it was down Larrabee way—four years ago," he explained.

Dellmore brushed a huge hand across his forehead. "It was down Larrabee way with me, too, only it was five years ago. When I found out she was engaged to him I lit out and came here."

"Same with me, only it happened a year later, and that's how we happened to meet up with each other. Queer, ain't it?" Eben Rowe turned to his partner as they rode through the gate into the yard.

The other nodded. "'Tis odd. I s'pose if we'd talked like this before we'd have known."

Between the partners the matter of their mutual love for the same girl was not again referred to. Each had spoken confidentially in a rare moment engendered by the sunset hour and the fact that it was Christmas eve, when hard hearts are softened and old griefs are poignant.

After supper Rowe and Dellmore lighted their pipes and sat down to read the week old newspapers they had brought over from the Falls. If there was a hint of approaching Christmas in the air it might have emanated from the holly printed calendar Eben had hung on the bare walls or it might have been wafted in from the kitchen, where Wah Lee was chopping a mincemeat compounded from the united reminiscences of his employers. There was plenty of meat in it, and juicy apples and prunes, because there were no raisins in the house, a whole orange and a spoonful of every sort of spice in the pantry.

A wind sprang up and sent the purple sunset clouds to mask the starry sky. Snowflakes fluttered slowly down in the outer world, fell faster, thicker, raced before the wind and pattered dryly against the windows.

"Play crib?" asked Eben Rowe after awhile.

Dellmore nodded and produced the cribbage board and a pack of cards from a drawer.

All was silence again except for the chop, chop, chop of Wah Lee in the kitchen, and dry patter of snow against the pane and the muttered counting of the two men as they played.

"Fifteen two—four—six—and"— Dellmore was counting when suddenly there came a muffled thud against the outer door, followed by a clattering crash on the veranda and shrill, childish cries.

Without a word the two men sprang to the door and tore it wide open. The scene that met their astonished gaze was a strange one indeed.

Half sprawled on the low veranda was a small horse. Crowded behind him, the front wheels tilting on the steps, was a long top wagon. From the gloom of the wagon's interior glowed a small lantern hung high against the inside, and from the wagon there came the childish cries.

"Jerry drunk again!" muttered Dellmore with disgust as he yanked out the form of a sleeping man from the wagon seat. Jerry Mink dropped heavily on the snow of the veranda and slept again, quite undisturbed.

Eben went around to the back of the wagon, made inquiries and removed from under the canvas flap a small, slender woman, muffled and veiled and shivering with cold and fright, and two little boys. The two children he carried inside and set down before the stove, and with a brief direction to the woman to draw near and warm herself Eben returned to the veranda and helped Dellmore to throw a blanket under the prostrate horse and presently to get the animal upon his feet and off on to the ground. One wheel of the wagon was broken beyond repair.

While Eben led horse and vehicle out to the barn and put them up for the night Dellmore thumped the drunken stage driver into peevish consciousness and drove him into the lean-to, where there was an extra bed near Wah Lee's immaculate couch.

The partners having discharged these duties reached the kitchen door together and entered the house. Wah Lee, unbidden, was making a pot of tea and warming milk on the stove. Dellmore nodded approval and strode to the door of the next room. He stood there as though paralyzed, and Eben came and stood beside him.

The woman had removed her wraps and muffling black veil and disclosed a small, dark eyed, pale face, above which rippled soft black hair. She was warming the chubby fingers of the three-year-old twins. She seemed very much at home there in this room, and it was all the more strange because she had been living in the hearts of the owners for many years. It was Lucy Farr—Lucy Graham now.

She looked up and recognized them. With a little cry of delight she sprang up and held out her hands.

"You two—my old friends!" She beamed upon them.

Silently, smiling stiffly in each other's presence, the two men who loved Lucy Graham came forward and shook hands with her. It was a simple story she told, but very wonderful to have happened to all of them that Christmas eve.

She had married Graham and gone to Ohio. He had died a year ago, and she had failed in her efforts to support her two children. A distant bachelor cousin had offered them a home on his ranch next to the one owned by Dellmore & Rowe, and she had been on her way there when Jerry Mink had blindly driven his horse almost into the door of the Dellmore ranch.

"It's twenty miles farther along. You can't get there until some time tomorrow," said Eben decisively. "You can stay here just as well as not. One of us will ride over to the Falls and get some Christmas for the youngsters in the morning."

"I'll go," said Dellmore gruffly.

Lucy protested and then yielded gracefully. She talked a great deal to Eben Rowe, but the twins climbed on Dellmore's knees and went to sleep in his arms. As his cheek was laid against the chubby hands on his shoulder and he felt the pressure of the warm little bodies against his own his heart melted within him and tears came into his strong gray eyes. A great contentment filled his heart, and he looked upon the evident absorption of the man and woman with indifference. It seemed as though he could look into the future.

He could see his partner married to Lucy Graham, but the twins were always close to him, to Dellmore. They would be his to adore, to make companions of, to love. The peace of the world filled his heart. "It seems like Christmas again," he whispered to Eben Rowe, and Eben nodded happily.

HER COSTLY GIFT

Judge Gary, Steel Trust Magnate, Presents Wife $500,000 Necklace.

Of all the Christmas presents that will gladden the hearts of the women this year, it is safe to say that none will be quite so wonderful or costly as the $500,000 pearl necklace that ex-Judge Elbert H. Gary, of New York, has given to his wife.

It isn't precisely a Christmas present since part of it has been in Mrs. Gary's possession for some time, but then it takes on a real Christmas spirit anyway through the fact that it was not until just a few days ago that the last pearls to complete the ornament were found and strung.

It is a beautiful rope of pearls graduating from the centre one, almost the size of a cherry, to the small ones at the ends which are joined by a splendid diamond and emerald clasp. It is perhaps as valuable a single strand as can be found.

The necklace falls from around Mrs. Gary's neck in a loop to below her bosom. There are a few more than 100 pearls in the string and each one is absolutely perfect—a rare thing to be able to say about these gems, as lovers of them know.

The beginning of the present necklace was with one far more modest several years ago. Both Judge and Mrs. Gary are very fond of pearls, and so they gave themselves over to the pleasant hobby of collecting them, inclining their choice to such as would look best in a necklace.

As the collection grew the pearls they wanted grew increasingly difficult to find, because of the unusually large size which was required to match up with the big ones in the centre.

Two years ago a large number were added to the necklace by purchases in Paris, and this year the gaps were finally filled through New York shops. Half a million dollars is said to be a conservative estimate, one Fifth avenue jeweler making the statement that it was easily worth $600,000. In figuring this price there is taken into account the manner in which the pearls are matched, their size and their perfection.

Mr. Gary is the chairman of the Board of Directors and chairman of the Finance Committee of the United States Steel Corporation. His fortune has been variously estimated at from $5,000,000 to $50,000,000, one who knows him well putting it at the latter sum.

An Aarm at Night.

That strikes terror to the entire household is the loud, hoarse and metallic cough of croup. No mistaking it, and fortunate then the lucky parents who keep Foley's Honey and Tar Compound on hand. H. W. Casselman, Canton, N. Y., says: "It is worth its weight in gold. Our little children are troubled with croup and hoarseness, and all we give them is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound. I always have a bottle of it in the house." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Soils Need Lime.

The Experimental Station of The Pennsylvania State College, says:—Experience teaches that some soils do not contain enough lime to permit the maximum production of crops.

The area of these soils grows deeper year by year. This is due in part to leaching. A deficiency in lime is not confined to soils outside of limestone belts, but may be found in soils originally rich in lime. Crop yields are limited by any lack of lime.

When this is the case good farming requires that the lack be supplied. Some crops are affected by a low content of lime in the soil more quickly than others. Clover demands an abundance of lime. The tendency of soils to lose their lime results finally in clover failure, and gives opportunity to sorrel, plantain and other worthless plants that can thrive with a lower percentage of lime in the soil.

An application of lime should pave the way for clover. It is well to apply lime a year or more before the seeding of clover. If this has not been done, it may be put on the land when the seed bed is being made for the wheat, oats or other crop with which clover is to be seeded.—1000 pounds per acre in many instances is sufficient.

Watch Your Kidneys.

Their action controls your health. Read what Foley Kidney Pills have done for your neighbor. F. M. Kelly, 2209 Broad Ave., Altoona, Pa., says: Foley Kidney Pills were the means of relieving me of a bad case of kidney trouble. They gave good results right from the start and proved satisfactory in every way. I do not hesitate to recommend a reliable medicine of this kind. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

"The Beauty Spot."

After the opening performance of "The Beauty Spot," which will be the attraction at Garman's Opera House, on Thursday, December 21, the critics of New York all agreed that the piece was the acme of musical comedy, and the following excerpts from their views will give an idea of their enthusiasm. Prices 35, 50, 75c. and $1.

"Real music and comedy in "The Beauty Spot." A welcome arrival on Broadway. Nothing better has turned up in many seasons.—N. Y. Press.

"The Beauty Spot" is a laughmaker. One of the best musical shows offered on Broadway in many a year."—N. Y. Commercial.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

Christmas Presents.

With December half gone, it is very necessary that the subject of Christmas present purchases should be coquetted with no longer, but that it should be regarded as one of the serious affairs of everyday life. There are novelties to be seen in all the shops, and, therefore, it is only the task of discrimination that is left to the buyer.

These old fashioned favorites, tortoiseshell and mother-of-pearl, are two prominent items of the new display. The tortoiseshell fitments for the writing table are as delightfully pretty as those for the toilet table, and include letter clips mounted with gold and silver, stamp boxes and wafer cases.

One of the prettiest objects in mother-of-pearl is a card case for a man. The pearl is so arranged that it radiates stripes of elusive rose, blue and moonlight gray shades and provides a distinct change from the gold and silver cases of last winter.

The bellows shape will be recognized among the new handbags made of green, mahogany or crimson velvet, embroidered with dull gold braid and old fashioned very tiny steel beads. The tooled leather bags that look as if they had been made hundreds of years ago will have votaries amongst those of aesthetic tastes, and the gold and silver mesh shapes with the mesh gathered into a rigid frame are certain to receive a new welcome.

It is quaint and practical conceit to add to the bag a little outside purse made of rigid gold or silver, secured attached to the mouth of the mesh reticule.

Tiny silver phials fitted with the favorite lip salve, the tabloid that charms away colds and sore throats, and the saccharin that takes the place of sugar will make presents for those who like to carry such items about with them, and to those who are fond of scent a vinaigrette pendant will appeal, made in the form of a disc ornament, with perforations through which the sweet aroma can escape.

Many women discard their gloves now in favor of numbers of bracelets, and to attract them there are some beautiful new designs. Much heavier than the bracelets of last season are the gold chains set with large cabochon sapphires, moonstones, or other gems. A radiant rivulet of color is secured by a bracelet of enamel links, ready to be made useful.

Then there is another and different kind of bracelet, comprising three strands of velvet linked together with jeweled slides, to which is allied a chocker for the throat. That the three strand necklet is more becoming than the single length of velvet the girl with the swan-like neck will certainly agree.

Dainty odds and ends in throat wear make very welcome Christmas presents to girls with fixed pin money resources.

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, cause chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily, tone the stomach, cure constipation. 25c. Ask your druggist for them.

Yuletide Novelties.

Crepe de Chine handkerchiefs are one of the little novelties of the season. They are to be had in grey, primrose, mauve, rose, blue, etc., and sets of half a dozen are favorite Christmas presents of the season.

A seasonable novelty in table decorations is a yule log, all frosted over garlanded with gaily colored ribbons and filled with flowers. Tiny logs, frosted and beribboned, may take the place of the usual silver bon-bon dishes.

A new design in earrings, which once again are a popular presents, is in the form of a tiny pair of diamonds.

Cornflower blue sapphires are the fashionable Christmas gem at a leading jewelry establishment.

In furs the season has brought us little that is actually new. More than ever there is a penchant for razed furs, for sealskin, caracul and chinchilla worked in opposite ways and arranged on the straight and on the bias to form stripes.

The surprise of the season is opossum, which has had a success that seems far ahead of its merits. It is clumsy and cheap looking fur, and not less so for its frequent alliance with sealskin or plush in the form of collar, cuffs and border. A wrap that is more curious than elegant is an opossum scarf worn as a cross-over. Caracul kid is by way of being another revival, and wide scarves for grownups as well as stoles for children are of this fur.

Black and white Mongolian goat collars and muffs are made up for little girls and these sets look soft and pretty.

Plush hats are rich and becoming, and if they do sometimes look vulgar, certainly they never look cheap. Large rather flat shapes have been much seen in Paris lately; though the feather mounts that accompany these forms spring to a great height with the suddenness of a fountain's spray. A large hat of sealskin plush is not so heavy as one would imagine, and to insure its becomingness it is lined with taffetas and interlined with a pretty tone of mousseline de soie.

Special Sale.

Used engines and fixtures; smoke stack; spark arrester; automatic mill and saws; shafting and bearings; iron pulleys; mandrels; heavy iron jack cylinder; drag saw and bolters; store counters and tables; shop soiled sash, doors and shutters; odd lots of lumber, flooring and moulding; three buggies; also first-class lumber and mill work of all kinds.

P. B. CRIDER & SON.
Office at Lamb Street Bridge,
Bellefonte, Penna.

THE BEST PROOF

Bellefonte Citzens Cannot Doubt It.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used—they cured.

The story was told to Bellefonte residents.

Time has strengthened the evidence.

Has proven the cure permanent.

The testimony is home testimony—

The proof convincing.

It can be investigated by Bellefonte residents.

Hiram Fetterhoff, 28 W. Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I have no hesitation in recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing them to be a first-class kidney remedy. For some time I was annoyed by irregular passages of the kidney secretions and reading that Doan's Kidney's were good for kidney complaint, I procured a supply at Green Pharmacy Co. Their use relieved me and I am now in much better health. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly an effective kidney medicine." (Statement given October 21, 1907.)

No cause for Complaint Since. When Mr. Fetterhoff was interviewed on November 22, 1909 he said: "I willingly confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. The relief they brought me has been permanent."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Declined Tempting Offer.

Rev. J. C. Day, of Tyrone, recently declined a tempting offer to become pastor of one of the leading Presbyterian churches of New York City. He will remain in Tyrone.

Many Children are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Break up Colds in 24 hours, relieve Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Teething Disorders, and Destroy Worms. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy N. Y.

For Sale.

1 Gray team; 1 Bay team; 1 Bay driving mare. Stock in first class condition and young. Can be seen at my Eagleville Farm. F. W. CRIDER, Bellefonte, Pa.

Awaiting the Test.

Pilgrim—If I come in will that dorg bite me? Mrs. Hawkins—We ain't no ways sure, mister. But the feller that let us take him on trial said he'd chaw up a tramp in less'n two minutes; but, land sakes, we ain't goin' to believe it till we see it done.—Chicago News.

Some Understanding.

The official undertaker of a small town was driving through the county on one of his regular missions. A woman came out to the gate of a farm yard and hailed him.

"I don't seem to recall your name, madam," he said.

"That's funny," she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."—Saturday Evening Post.

Why He Left.

"Why did you leave that swell boarding house?"

"Because the swellness was at the expense of the food supply."

"What do you mean?"

"Four kinds of forks and two kinds of vegetables." — Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Doubts and Don'ts.

Remember Talleyrand's advice, "If you are in doubt whether to write a letter or not—don't!" The advice applies to many doubts in life besides that of letter writing.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Celebrity sells dearly what we think she gives.—Emile Souvestre.

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy

cured Mrs. C. C. Gokey, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade, I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured.

MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt.

If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokey mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy.

is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

EDW. K. RHOADS

At his yard opposite the P. R. R. Passenger Station, sells only,
BEST QUALITIES

—(OF)—

ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS

COALS

Also All Linds of

Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.

Superior Screenings for Lime Burning. Builders and Plasterers' Sand.

TELEPHONE CALLS:

Bell 1312
Commercial 42.2

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE
Crider's Stone Bl'dg
High Street,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

To The Ladies!

Mrs. Bertha Rupp is having a Complete Line of Famous and Perfect Fitting, for all figures,

CORSETS

and will be glad to have the ladies call and be fitted.

Prices $1.00 and Upward

Mrs. Bertha Rupp
426 East College Avenue,
STATE COLLEGE, - PENNA.

Concrete Sidewalks

Greatly add to the appearance and enhance the value of a property.

Our practical experience enables us to give you first-class work in this line.

Rhoads & Knisely,
CONTRACTORS IN STONE AND CONCRETE WORK
BELLEFONTE, - - - - PA.

IF YOU ARE ILL

from any disorder of the STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEYS, or if your bowels are inactive at times, or you should suffer from headaches, get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS of your druggist. If you are run down and don't feel as young and chipper as you used to, give SEVEN BARKS a fair trial; it will purify your blood, clear your system and brain, and make life worth living. It is absolutely harmless, is highly palatable, and will not disturb the most delicate stomach.

For sale at druggists at 50 cents per bottle. Don't fail to try it. Address
LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp disease & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

MADAME DEAN'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS.
A Safe, Certain Relief for Suppressed Menstruation. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Sent prepaid for $5.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when relieved. Samples Free. If your druggist does not have them send your orders to the
UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, Pa.

Sold in Bellefonte by C. M. Parish

HOSPITAL DONATIONS

People Generous With Gifts During Thanksgiving Week.

The management of the Bellefonte hospital expresses heartfelt gratitude for the most liberal contributions received during Thanksgiving week, a complete list of which follows:

BELLEFONTE.

Mrs. Aikens, 2 kimonas—Mrs. E. T. Ardery, dried apples, potatoes—Mrs. A. Allison, sack corn meal.

Mrs. W. H. Baney, cereals, macaroni, apples, cabbage—Jennie Brown, bread—J. W. Barnhart, canned fruit, jellies, sugar, cereals—Mrs. T. C. Brown, 1 bushel potatoes—J. K. Barnhart, potatoes—A. M. Barr, rice, cereals, turnips—Mrs. Beaver, sack corn meal—D. H. Bartley, apples—Mrs. John Blanchard, $1.00—Mrs. William Botorff, 6 trays.

Mrs. Bidwell, old muslin, soap, sugar apples—Mrs. John Baylets, 1 large pumpkin—Sim Baum, $1.00—Mrs. Badger, 4 doz. rolls—R. S. Brouse, canned peas, corn, cherries, spinach, beets, tomatoes—Mrs. Bush, 15 lbs sugar—W. R. Brachbill, 1 bedside table—Mrs. David Barlett, towl, jellies, grape juice, potatoes, canned fruit—Wm. Barner, canned tomatoes, peas, salt, baking powder—Mrs. J. Linn Blackford, jellies, canned fruit—Mrs. Jacob Barlett, apples, potatoes—A. Beck, $1—Mrs. C. I. Blackford, soap, tea, crackers, oysters—Mrs. E. E. Boob, cabbage, potatoes—Mrs. E. M. Blanchard, 2 doz. pillow cases.

Mrs. Joseph Ceader, 1 commode forward—Mrs. Nancy J. Confer, 25c—A. J. Cook, $10—Burns Crider, rice, crackers, prunes, macaroni, Uneda biscuits, Graham wafers, corn starch—Mrs. Crawford, apples—Wm. Cohen, 50 lbs. flour—Mrs. Harry Clevenstine, cereals, baking powder, baking soda—Miss Ann Curry, potatoes—Ella Corl, tapioca, rice, apples—Mrs. Ed. Cooke, apples, noodles, cereals—Mrs. Littie Crater, canned fruit—Mrs. Charles Cruse, potatoes, catsup, onions, soap, canned vegetables—Mrs. E. I. Cook, canned fruit—Mrs. James Clark, apples, potatoes—Mrs. W. H. Cruse, tomatoes, vanilla, dried corn, baking powder, rice, soap, canned beans—L. Carpenato, grape fruit, oranges, nuts, lettuce, bananas—Mrs. Curtin, canned tomatoes, apples, potatoes—Mrs. Claude Cook, $1.

Mrs. W. L. Daggett, cereals, gelatine, raisins, cocoa, farnia, taapioca, canned vegetables—Mrs. Dukeman, canned fruit, jellies—A. C. Derr, 50c—Susan Dolan, canned fruits, jellies, bread—Simon Dugan, corn meal—Mrs. Frank Deitrich, cabbage, potatoes—Mrs. Martin Dale, cabbage, soup beans, jelly—Mrs. Matilda Dale, 10 lbs sugar, baking powder, corn starch—Mrs. Dennis, jellies, pickles—John Derstine, beets.

Mrs. Elliott, prunes, rice, dried peaches, lemons, sugar—Evey & Zettle, 7 qts. milk.

Mrs. Wm. Fredricks, old muslin, canned fruit, jellies—Mrs. M. T. Fox, canned fruit—Mrs. Fetterhoff, canned beets, jellies—Mrs. Finklestine, jellies—Mrs. C. W. Furst, $5—Mrs. Harry Fenlon, 25 lbs flour—Edward Fauble, 10 lbs coffee, 10 lbs sugar, 10 boxes cocoa.

Miss Grimm, bread—Mrs. A. Gilmour, apples, canned corn, coffee—Mrs. Gamble, apples—Mrs. Grauer, potatoes—Mrs. J. W. Gephart, 10 lbs sugar—Mrs. Sarah Green, $5.00—F. Potts Green, $5.00—Chas Garbrick, potatoes, pumpkin, jellies, canned fruit—C. T. Gerberich, sack corn meal—Mrs. D. W. Geise, apples—Mrs. Chas. Guisewhite, canned fruit—Mrs. Galbraith, soap, old muslin, cornstarch sago, canned corn, rice—Sol Gehret canned fruit—Mrs. Boyd Gehret, baking powder, jellies, soap, pepper—Mrs. Harry Grubb, canned fruits, tomatoes, jellies—Mrs. Wm. Gehret, cereal, apples, potatoes—M. I. Gardner, 2 bushels potatoes—Garman House, macaroni, canned vegetables—Mrs. J. H. Gross, canned fruit, jellies—Mame Galligher, bread, sausage, potatoes—Ella Gates, apples, beets, canned fruit and vegetables—Mrs. Chas. Gates, bread, lima beans, chili sauce, cereals, canned corn.

Wm. Humes, sack corn meal, cornstarch—Mrs. Hewitt, oranges, cocoa, cereals—Mrs. Louise Harris, 10 lbs buckwheat—Mrs. Etta Horner, 35c—T. B. Hamilton, cereals, jellies, canned vegetables, coffee—Mrs. Hutchinson, apples—Mrs. J. W. Hartswick, apples—Mrs. G. F. Harris, cereals, ivory soap, cocoa, chocolate, tapioca, gelatine, prunes—Miss Belle Hoover, canned fruit, tapioca—Mrs. Herr, jellies, grape juice, apples—Mrs. J. G. Heymum, canned fruit, turnips—Mrs. J. P. Harris, tapioca, cocoa, cornstarch, junkit, rice—Mrs. James Harris, rice, oranges, canned peas, cereals, ralston-food—R. H. Hartle, 7 qts. milk—Mrs. George Hazel, 4 pies, jellies—Mrs. Hunsinger, canned fruit, tomatoes, pumpkin—Mrs. Herman, cocoa, macaroni, canned fruit—Jared Harper, old muslin, salmon, corn, peas—Mrs. G. E. Hawes, apples, potatoes, jellies, canned fruit—Mrs. T. H. Harter, canned fruits, jellies, cereals—Mrs. C. K. Hicklin, canned fruit, apples—Mrs. A. Houser, canned fruit, potatoes—Henry Halabaugh, canned fruit, jellies—Mrs. Dorsey Hunter, jellies, canned fruit—Mrs. H. R. Hoy, 1 bushel apples—Mrs. Hart, washing powder soap—Dr. Hayes, 3 bushels potatoes, apples, cabbage—Mrs. W. Hazel, cereals—Rev. Hewitt, jellies, canned tomatoes—Mrs. H. K. Hoy, 1 bushel potatoes.

Mrs. Harry Irvin, chicken, canned fruit, cabbage, onions, canned vegetables.

Mrs. Harry Jenkins, 10 lbs sugar—J. S. Jodon, bread, jelly, canned tomatoes and beets—Mrs. Curt Johnson, apples—A. V. Jackson, apples, cabbage—Mrs. R. A. Jamison, potatoes—M. R. Johnson, potatoes—J. C. Jodon, canned vegetables, tea, salt, coffee, chocolate.

Mrs. Klinger, apples—Mrs. C. E. Kline, ½ bu. pears—Mr. Harry Keller, potatoes, apples, cocoa, cornstarch—Mrs. J. S. Keichline, 20 glasses jelly—Mrs. Emanuel Korman, canned fruit, jellies—Mrs. Fred Kurtz, canned fruit, jellies, cake—Mrs. Kirk, potatoes—Mr. Krumrine, soaps, talcum powder—Mrs. C. R. Kurtz, cake, table cloth—Mrs. Maurice Kramer, baking powder, cornstarch, potatoes—Mrs. Orrie Kline, cereals, potatoes—Mrs. Kauffman, potatoes—J. S. Keichline, crackers, gallon oysters—H. Kline, 1 bushel apples—Mrs. W. Katz, 1 bushel apples—Katz & Co, 1 web muslin—Mrs. J. M. Keichline, potatoes, apples, pears, jellies—Mrs. L. O. Korman, baking soda, ginger, cabbage, tapioca—Mrs. John H. Klinger, chili sauce.

Mrs. Longwell, apples, cabbage—Wilson Laird, potatoes—John Lambert, apples, cabbage—Mrs. Lane, large bundle of old muslin, cabbage—Mrs. J. P. Lyon, potatoes—Mrs. Landis, canned fruit—Mrs. Larimer, canned tomatoes, apples, potatoes—Mrs. Will Larimer, chili sauce, canned fruit, apples—Mrs. A. Luckenbach, jellies, canned fruit, soup beans—Henry Linn, 1 doz. tumblers, 1 doz. cups and saucers, 2 vases.

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, cabbage, canned tomatoes—Mrs. A. G. Morris, jellies, pickles—Mrs. S. B. Miller, canned fruit—A. C. Mingle, $5.00—Isaac Mitchell $5.00—Miss Louise Martzloff, $1.00—W. H. Macker, oranges celery—McCalmont Coal Co, 2 loads furnace coal—John Meese store, 50 lbs flour—James Matthews, 10c—David Miller, hominey, pancake flour, tea, dried beef, olive oil, soap dish, coffee, turnips—N. A. Miller, catsup, canned fruit—Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, Christmas tree ornaments—Mrs. Ralph Mallory, cereals, corn meal, grape juice, jellies—Miss Marshall, apples, cabbage—Mrs. Mallalieu, canned tomatoes and beets—Mrs. John Miller, noodles, cereals, canned tomatoes—Mrs. Harvey Miller, mince pies—Mrs. Miller, macaroni, apples, tapioca, oatmeal, canned fruit, coffee, soap.—Mrs. P. G. Meek, canned fruit, canned vegetables, coffee, grape juice, apples—Mrs. Chas. A. Morris, farina, rice, barley, tapioca, cornstarch, canned corn and peas—Mrs. Frank Montgomery, cereals, dried prunes and peaches—Mrs. J. L. Montgomery, 15 boxes cereals, zwieback—Mrs. McMahon, canned fruit—Mrs. Moerschbacher, old linen, applebutter—Mrs. Joe McCulle, pumpkins, potatoes—Mrs. Joe McCulley, pumpkins, potatoes—Mrs. G. F. Musser, canned fruit, bottle olive oil—Mrs. George Mallory, jellies, apples—Mr. George Meek, crate apples—Mrs. H. H. Montgomery, pepper, baking powder, jello, soap—Mrs. Munson, sugar, cornstarch, rice—Mrs Lewis Miller, canned fruit, canned pickles—Samuel Monsel, canned tomatoes, potatoes—Mrs. Tom Murphy, cereals, sugar, crackers—Mrs. W. H. Musser, unedas, cereals, raisins, soup beans, canned vegetables—Mrs. Malin, jellies—W. J. Musser, apples, cornstarch—Mrs. Malin, jellies, rice, tapioca, tea, apples—Miss McCurdy, apples, rice, prunes, apricots, cereals.

Mrs. Joe Nolan, jello, canned corn and peas—Mrs. S. M. Nicely, canned vegetables—Miss Emily Natt, jar pickles, buckwheat, dried beans, cereals, barley, codfish, canned fruit—Mrs. James Noonan, canned peas, tomatoes, corn, macaroni, canned peaches.

Mrs. E. L. Orvis, potatoes—Mrs. Jas. O'Bryan, potatoes, rice—N. D. Orbison, $1.00—Mrs. John Olewine, 23-lb turkey—Mrs. J. W. Ott, canned beets, bread.

Mrs. M. E. Payne, sausage, lard—Ross Parker, apples—Mrs. H. J. Pierson, canned fruit—Mrs. A. M. Parker, potatoes, old linen, bath towel—Mrs. G. L. Potter, potatoes—Mrs. James Potter, rice, jellies, farina—Mrs. Pugh, sack corn meal.

H. C. Quigley, rice, tapioca, cornstarch, coffee, chocolate.

T. W. Romick, canned salmon, canpeas, beets, apples—J. H. Rider, canned fruit, catsup—Mrs. E. Richards, 2 men's night shirts—C. E. Roger, buttermilk, bread, sugar, potatoes—Mrs. James H. Rine, canned corn, bunch celery, apples—Mrs. Morgan Reynolds, cabbage—Mrs. Robb, soap, apples, potatoes, cabbage—Mrs. S. D. Ray, cereals, coffee, sugar—Mrs. Chas. Robb, cereals, old linen, apples—Mrs. John C. Rumberger, canned fruit, eggs—W. B. Rankin, dried corn, tea, grape juice, canned fruit potatoes, canned tomatoes—Mrs. J. C. Rowe, pickles, canned beans, grape juice.

Sechler & Co Store, ½ gal. oysters, crackers, oranges, 5 doz. rolls—C. C. Shuey, 24 cans corn, 24 cans peas—Sellers school, Miss Norris, teacher, pumpkins, applebutter, butter, 20 jars fruit, jellies, 2 bushels apples, cabbage, turnips—Howard Struble (Zion) 4 lbs. butter, 2 bushels potatoes—Mrs Shaughnessy, canned tomatoes, jellies—Mrs. Schofield, potatoes, grape juice—Mrs. Shope, potatoes—Mrs. Saxion, canned corn, peas, tomatoes—Elmer Stump, salt, apples—John Shambert, cabbage, apples—Mrs. Steckler, cabbage, potatoes—Dr. Schad, dried peaches, rice, apples—Mrs. W. F. Speer, bread—Mrs. George Spicer, soap, canned tomatoes, corn and cabbage—Mrs. Shivery, bottle pickles, grape juice, apples—Mrs. Harvey Schaeffer, applebutter, squash—Mrs. Shields, cabbage, dried apples, potatoes—Mrs. C. M. Shay, cabbage—Mrs. Sarah Shook, canned fruit, pickles, dried lima beans—Sister, 5 lbs lard—Mrs. M. E. Straub, cabbage, potatoes—Mrs. Pete Smith, 4 pillow cases, apples, potatoes—Mrs. Saterfield, sack corn meal—Mrs. J. C. Showers, grape juice, jelies, canned fruit—Mrs. Charles Stover, cabbage, potatoes—Mrs. Hannah M. Stitzer, apples—Miss Mollie Snyder, noodles, apples, cereals—Mrs. Mary Sowers, canned fruit—Miss Lillie Smith, 4 pillow cases—Harry S. Shreffler, 1 bushel potatoes—Mrs. Luther Smith, cereals—Mrs. J. P. Smith, 50c—Peter Saylor, canned tomatoes, potatoes—Mrs. John Shutt, cabbage, apples, canned fruit—Mrs. Fred Scott, canned fruit, jellies—Mr. Sands, $5.00—Mrs. L. A. Schaeffer, carrots, apples, grape juice, canned fruit—Mrs. R. F. Sechler, canned fruit—Mrs. John Shugert, salt, sugar, cereals, prunes, rice, chocolate, mustard, cocoa, tapioca, cornstarch, cream wheat, dried peaches—Mrs. Thomas Shoemaker, table cloth, apples, saltine wafers, cereals, cornstarch, cocoa—Mr. Shoemaker, 2 turkeys, 6 qts. ice cream and cake—Mrs. R. F. Sechler, canned fruit—Mrs. Sloop, 10 lbs rice—Mrs. A. M. Schmidt, cornstarch, rice—Mrs. Elmer Stump, canned fruit—Mrs. Stewart, potatoes—Mrs. Alice Showers, apples, canned fruit, pickles, jellies—Mrs. J. L. Spangler, cereals, coffee, tea, cornmeal, sugar.

Mrs. Tanner, 1 hassock—Mrs. Albert Thompson, potatoes—Mrs. James Toner, rice, cocoa, jellies, potatoes—Eliza M. Thomas, $1.00—Mrs. Mary S. Thomas, $2.00—Mrs. Emma Tressler, canned fruit—Mrs. E. Tuten, dried corn, canned fruit and tomatoes, jellies—George Taylor, sugar, canned fruit—Edward Tyson, Zion, 1 bushel apples, applebutter, cabbage—Dr. Tate $1.00—S. S. Tressler, potatoes—Mrs. A. Thal, cabbage, old muslin, canned fruit.

Mrs. J. W. Undercoffler, canned fruit, grape juice, jellies, apples—Mrs. Sara Underwood, 2 vases, coffee, jellies—Union Thanksgiving Church offering, $34.78.

Valentine, 1 bushel potatoes—Mrs. H. C. Valentine, sack corn meal.

Mrs. Oscar Wetzel, mince pies, cornstarch, old muslin, soda crackers, soup beans, rice, jar pear butter—Mrs. A. Y. Wagner, canned tomatoes, canned fruit, 4 pillow cases—A. C. Whippo, 15c—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, canned fruit, jellies, Mrs. Rash Williams, canned vegetables, tea, coffee, rice—Mrs. W. A. White, 50c—Miss White, 5 lbs sausage—C. Y. Wagner, 100 lbs. flour, 2 bags corn meal—Mrs. George Waite, apples—Rev. Winey, apples—Mrs. J. E. Wagner, $1.00—Mrs. S. Williams, applebutter, jellies, sack corn meal—Miss A. Wilson, dried peaches, rice, prunes, sugar, lemons—Mrs. John Williams, potatoes—Mrs. S. Kline Woodring, apples, coffee, lima beans, sugar, canned fruit—Miss Grace Witmer, chrysanthemum—Mrs. J. H. Wetzel, soap, canned tomatoes—Mr. George Williams, potatoes—Mrs. Dr. Ward, potatoes—Mrs. Oliver Witmer, potatoes—Mrs. Warfield, apples, potatoes, macaroni, rice—Mrs. Lew. Wallace, vermicilla, cabbage, potatoes, baking soda.

Mrs. Christ Young, rice, jellies, sugar, apples—Clayton Yarnell, Yarnell, apples—Mrs. H. C. Yeager, oranges, soap, cereals, coffee.

H. E. Zimmerman, potatoes, beets, cabbage—O. M. Zonge, rice, tea—Mrs. Ed. Zimmerman, canned tomatoes, jellies—Mrs. Wm. Zellers, tea, coffee.

J. C. Boyce, of Clarence, 7 rabbits—Miss Stine, of Scotia, box jellies, canned fruit and pickles—Mrs. Stitler, jellies, canned fruit, bread, fudge.

Centre Hall.

Ladies' Auxilliary and several citizens, 67 qts canned fruit, 36 glasses jellies, 36 pints canned fruit, 3 qts. grape juice, 10 cakes soap, ½ bushel apples, 1 peck beets, 3 pecks turnips, 2 cabbage, 1 lb. coffee, 2 bags sugar, 1 sack flour, 1 sack cornmeal, 1 peck pears.

Branch of the Needlework Guild of America, Mrs. John Shugert, director. 1 pair worsted slippers, 2 pairs hose, 1 pair crib blankets, 1 child's kimona, 4 ladies vests, 1 babies night gown, 2 mens undershirts, 2 babies shirts, 2 wash cloths, 1 babies dress, 1 pair towels, 8 ladies night dresses, 2 chemise, 1 pair babies socks, 8 night shirts, 4 mens shirts, 1 kimona, 4 night dresses, 4 pillow cases.

Miscellaneous.

Canned corn, tomatoes, fruit, pickles, potatoes, soup beans, catsup, beets, turnips, corn meal, pumpkins cabbage, endive, cereals, rice bread, sugar, coffee, canned peas, chill sauce, cloth starch, apples, old linen, spaghetti, dried corn, tea, tapioca, grape juice, baking soda, canned salmon.

MILESBURG.

Miss Jane Adams, canned fruit—Mrs. James Austin, canned fruit—Mrs. Mary Baldrige, jellies, canned tomatoes—A. T. Boggs, pumpkin, cabbage, vanilla, cereals, canned fruit—A. I. Boggs, canned fruit—R. L. Brady, potatoes—Mrs. L. C. Bullock, 2 live chickens—Rebecca Boggs, 2 brooms—Mrs. Mary Boilieu, canned fruit—Mrs. H. J. Campbell, jellies, canned fruit—Miss Cartright, canned beans, jellies—Mrs. Sara Campbell, canned fruit—Miss Mame Delaney, jellies, canned fruit—Miss Carrie Derr, jellies—Mrs. Frank Derr, jellies—Mrs. Wm. Dunkle, canned fruit—Mrs. Sam Estright, tea—Mrs. C. E. Else, broom—L. T. Eddy, $1.00—L. T. Eddy and Zimmerman, canned tomatoes, baking powder, tea, sugar, coffee, jellies, canned fruit, grape juice—H. G. Ebbs, tea—Mrs. Wm. Fulton, canned fruit—Mrs. W. B. Grafmyre, canned fruit—Mrs. Gregg, canned fruit, jellies—Mrs. Greggs, canned fruit—Miss Lee Green, canned fruit—Mrs. Mary Grubb, canned fruit—Mrs. Pauline Hibler, canned fruit, cereals—Mrs. John Huff, cabbage, canned fruit—Mrs. J. T. Harshberger, fresh beef, cabbage—Mrs. P. H. Haupt, canned fruit—P. Haynes, 25c—J. Haupt, 10c—W. M. Johnson, canned fruit, jellies—W. B. Johnson, canned tomatoes—Mrs. Tom Johnson, canned fruit—Mrs. Newton James, canned fruit—Mrs. Kline, jellies, canned pickles and beets, canned fruit—Miss Stella Kohlbecker, salt, jellies, tea, canned fruit—Mrs. Emma Kemme, jellies—Miss Emma Kinne, jellies—Mrs. Wilbur Larkin, canned fruit—Mrs. Winn. Loose, jelies—Mrs. George McCullough, canned fruit and pickles, jellies—Mrs. John McCullough, jellies—Mrs. Joe McCullough, canned fruit—Mrs. Dan McKinley, jellies, canned fruit—Mrs. Agnes Moore, canned fruit—Miss Mary McKinley, canned fruit and pickles, jellies—Mrs. Harry McCullough, canned fruit—Milesburg Store, soap, honey, tea, tapioca, lima beans, soup beans, cereals coffee—Gladys McKinley, canned fruit—Mrs. John Miles, dried lima beans, canned fruit—W. B. Miles & Sons, honey, olives, canned soups, peas, tomatoes, corn—Mrs. Lida Miller canned fruit—Mrs. George Noll, canned fruit—Rev. Oyler, cabbage, apples—Mrs. Bruce Peters, apples, canned fruit—Edward Quick, canned fruit—Gladys Rice, 25c—Jane Ryman, 25c—Mrs. John Shultz, cocoa, cornstarch, sugar—Mrs. W. M. Smith, canned fruit—Rhoda Swartz, jellies—Mrs. Mary Shrowyer, canned fruit—Mrs. Adam Showyer, canned fruit—Mrs. John Shope, 1 gal. applebutter—Mrs. Wm. Stanley, canned fruit—Miss Emma A. Smith, canned fruit—Mrs. Spicer, coffee, jellies, canned fruit—Grace Schenk, 25c—Mrs. W. B. Thomas, canned fruit—Mrs. Thomas Taylor, jar pickles—Mrs. James Wallace, canned fruit—Mrs. Dorsey Woodring, canned fruit—Miss Ella Wagner, jellies, grape juice—Mrs. Frank Wallace and Mrs. James Parsons, 1 pair blankets, cabbage, apples, applebutter, 1 chicken, noodles, prunes jellies, grape juice, canned fruit—Mrs. Harry Wagner, apples, jellies, canned fruit—Mrs. F. L. Wetzler, rice, cocoa, tea, nuts, cornstarch, peanut butter, canned fruit jellies—Mrs. John Whiteman, canned fruit—Mrs. Ross Wallace, canned beans, bread—Mrs. James Whitmer, canned fruit—Mrs. Harry Whitman, canned fruit—Mrs. John Witmer, canned fruit—Mrs. Wm. Zettle, canned fruit, apples—Mrs. George Zimmerman, canned fruit—Mrs. Carold Zimmerman, canned fruit. Miscellaneous, canned fruit, jellies, potatoes.

In a Pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

The antiseptic powder to shake into your shoes. Relieves hot, tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet of all pain and makes walking a delight. Takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

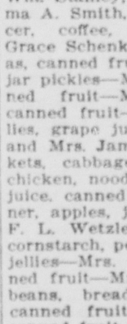
Without opiates or harmful drugs of any kind Foley's Honey and Tar Compound stops coughs and cures colds. Do not accept any substitute. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

Foley Kidney Pills.

Tonic in action, quick in results. Will cure any case of kidney or bladder disorder not beyond the reach of medicine. No need to say more. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

WOMEN HELPED

By Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for Kidneys and Liver.



Disorders of women are the result of general bodily weakness. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a strength builder and for women it has proved of great value. Thousands testify to this. A sick woman almost always has kidney trouble, which causes pain in the back, headache, nervousness and other distressing symptoms. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy helps the Kidneys and Liver to act properly, purifies the blood and gently moves the bowels, striking at the cause of Kidney, Liver, Blood and Bladder troubles.

For over 35 years it has enjoyed steady and merited success, for it is an honest remedy and has stood the test of time. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y. for a free sample bottle and valuable medical booklet. Large bottle $1.00 at all druggists.

Home-Made Presents.

If you cannot have real poinsettias in profusion, stop bemoaning and take to scissors and wire. Paper poinsettia in all sizes are easily made and very showy for decoration as favors.

For the former cut five oblong petals of red crepe paper seven inches long, pointed at the tip and two inches wide at widest part, narrowing to a half inch at the base, four petals six inches long and an inch and a half wide and three petals three and a half inches long and an inch and a quarter wide at the widest part. Paste each petal to narrow red wire to form central rib.

To the end of a long wire fasten six or eight red and green berries such as are used in millinery, and around them arrange the petals with the smallest on top. Cut oval green leaves four and a half inches wide at widest part and six and a half inches long. Wire these to central rib and fasten two inches apart on the wire stem, which is then wrapped in green paper. It should be about eighteen inches long to stand in high vases.

A quantity of these poinsettias are easily make and when massed over doorways or on mantel-pieces are gay, "Christmasy" and hard to distinguish from real ones.

A poinsettia bouquet in the center of a paper lace napkin, the stem tied with red tarletan, made gay and inexpensive cotillon favors. Make the wired petals as in the large flowers, only have them three and two inches long by an inch wide. Wrap the red berries or yellow stamens with doubled green paper and fasten the petals around it.

Use seven or eight flowers to a bouquet, run in two double loops of red tarletan to help conceal the wire, then put on the paper frill and an outer calyx of doubled green paper, which also wraps the wired stems into one. Tie with a bow made of the full width of tarleton from selvedge and eight inches deep.

Scarfs of red tarletan edged with fringe of cheap gilt on the ends are showy favors. Cut in five-inch strips with fringe on each selvedge the tarletan makes gay festoonings for a Christmas tree.

"Best on Earth".

This is the verdict of R. J. Howell, Tracy, O., who bought Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for his wife." Her case was the worst I have ever seen, and looked like a sure case of consumption. Her lungs were sore and she coughed almost incessantly and her voice was hoarse and weak. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound brought relief at once and less than three bottles effected a complete cure." Sold by C. M. Parrish.

With the Coming of Middle Age.

There is a letting down in the physical forces often shown in annoying and painful kidney and bladder ailments and urinary irregularities and Foley Kidney Pills are a splendid regulating and strengthening medicine at such a time. Try them. Sold by C. M. Parrish.

The Famous "Green Man of Brighton."

In October, 1806, an individual was to be observed at Brighton, England, who walked out every day dressed in green from head to foot—green shoes, green gloves, green handkerchief and other articles to match. This eccentric person lived alone, knew nobody, and in his house the curtains, the wall paper, the furniture, even the plates and dishes and the smallest toilet articles, offered an uninterrupted sequence of green. Having started on his career, there was obviously no reason to stop, and with full consistency he carried this scruples so far as to eat nothing but fruit and vegetables of the same green color. The consequences were extremely disastrous. One fine day the green man jumped from his window into the street, rushed forward and performed a second somersault from the top of the nearest

ASHAMED OF HER FACE

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Pickard of North Carolina. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema and that was three years ago."

This is but one of thousands of cases in which D. D. D. has simply washed away the skin trouble. D. D. D. cleanses the skin of the germs of Eczema, Psoriasis and other serious skin diseases; stops the itch instantly, and when used with D. D. D. soap the cures seem to be permanent. Nothing like D. D. D. for the complexion.

Trial bottle 25 cents, enough to prove the merit of this wonderful remedy.

We can also give you a full size bottle for $1.00 on our absolute guarantee that if this very first bottle fails to give you relief it will cost you nothing.

Green's Pharmacy.

FAMILY FAVORITE LAMP OIL

No flicker, no odor, no soot. Family Favorite is the ideal oil for home use. It costs little more than inferior tank-wagon oils and yet it is triple-refined from Pennsylvania Crude Oil—the best oil made. Get Family Favorite Oil from your dealer—he has it in original barrels direct from the refineries—and enjoy the full, white flame.

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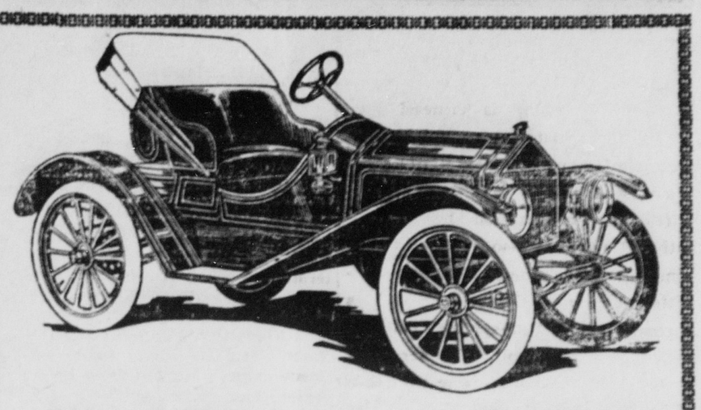

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WE MAINTAIN THE QUALITY AND REDUCE THE PRICE

METZ "TWENTY-TWO" $495

WHY? Because we have the simplest and most practical car to manufacture, and is built entirely in our own works

WHY? Because our exceedingly low overhead and selling expenses add no excessive burden to cost of materials and manufacture

TONER A. HUGG,

MILESBURG, - - - - - - - - - - PENNA.

DON'T WORRY

For the future when you have an account in The Bellefonte Trust Company! Keep adding to it

and your account will grow so that you can buy a home for your family or start yourself in business when the opportunity presents itself. Lay aside something from your weekly salary and you will be surprised to see how fast your little plant will grow when it is planted in good soil at the BELLEFONTE TRUST COMPANY Bank.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

DO IT NOW

Get our prices on Lumber, Frames, Latn, Sash, Doors, Shingles, Flooring, Moulding,

PAROID ROOFING

or anything else you need in the building line. You can have our forty-two years experience free and buy what you want at bottom prices. Anticipating an advance in prices of . . .

SOUTHERN LUMBER

and Pacific Coast Red Cedar Shingles, we bought a large stock and will sell at the present low prices while they last. Odd lots of Moulding, Sash and Lumber at special prices.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

WE want county representatives to take exclusive sale of the greatest disinfectant ever known; secure a county and a business that pays handsomely. Radium Spray Co., Curry Bldg., Pittsburg.

DR. WILLIAMS, Chiropodist

Let him cure your Corns, Bunions and Ingrowing Nails.

Don't suffer any more, because he will cure you, at 343 3rd. Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

CHICHESTER S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS

for backache, rheumatism, kidney or bladder trouble, and urinary irregularities. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic in action, quick in results. Refuse substitutes.

For sale at C M Parrish, druggist.

THE REPUBLICAN.

Bellefonte, Pa., December 21, 1911.

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed., & Pub.

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ANOTHER "WAR" COMING.

We read in the city newspapers that Col. James M. Guffey, boss of one Democratic faction, is harnessing up his outfit preparatory to going to Washington in January "chock full of fight." We also read that Congressman A. Mitchell Palmer, titular boss of the anti-Guffey faction, also is preparing to bombard the Democratic National Committee and demand that he be seated as the member from Pennsylvania. Guffey's name is now on the roll. Palmer wants it erased and Palmer's1 name substituted. If Guffey wins, it is hinted, he will decline a re-election at the hands of the next Democratic delegation to the national convention and will step aside in favor of ex-Judge James Gay Gordon, of Philadelphia.

The situation is interesting chiefly in emphasizing the lack of sincerity underlying the striving of the opposing factions in their representations to the people. The Guffeyites claim to be the only simon-pure, day-in-and-day-out Democrats in the State. The anti-Guffeyites, the clan who line up with Palmer and George W. Guthrie, assert that the Guffeyites are political crooks and as such have disgraced and wrecked the Democratic party. Each faction has been trying to gain some technical advantage over the other, with both sides thus far avoiding a clean-cut show down. Both sides are playing politics, using the people as pawns and adopting any scheme giving promise of success.

Gordon, for a long time past, has been grooming himself to become the Democratic national committeeman and as such to assume State leadership. Although at no time in sympathy with Guffey for many years past, Gordon now is working with Guffey because he prefers to be a regular and incidentally be in position to become heir to the Guffey seat.

Just how extensively the clash at Washington will re-echo among Centre County Democrats remains to be seen. Until shortly before the recent local campaign the "Centre Democrat" and the "Democratic Watchman" were on opposite sides in the matter of the Guffey and anti-Guffey issue. When it came to abandoning principle, or rather professed principle, they not only crawled into the same bed but inhabited the same suit of pajamas. It is, of course, entirely likely that in the next few months they may occupy separate night robes while each endeavors to prove that it, and it only, represents the true blue Democracy, but along about the time to whoop it up for the Democratic nominee for President, regardless of who the nominee may be, both will crawl back into the same old bed and the same old pajamas. Furthermore, neither will experience the slightest difficulty in going to sleep. Mark the prediction.

Minister Attempts Suicide.

Rev. Clarenee V. Richeson, in the Boston jail charged with murder of Avis Linnell, a former sweetheart, yesterday attempted suicide by gashing himself with a piece of tin. His condition is critical.

Robes for Judges.

The Northumberland County Bar Association will recommend that Judges-elect Cummings and Moser wear gowns while presiding in court. It is said that the judges do not look with favor upon the suggestion.

Coal Mines Resume.

The coal mining operation of Atherton & Barnes, at One Mile Run, one of the most important in that section, resumed work on Monday after a prolonged idleness. Upward of 150 men will again be given employment.

"The Court Sits."

Federal Judge Charles B. Witmer has ordered a new form of procedure in opening court at Harrisburg. Instead of having the crier drone through the time-honored "O yea, O yea" Judge Witmer has instructed him to simply announce, "The Court sits."

To Electrify All Mines.

The Pennsylvania Coal & Coke Company proposes electrifying all of its mines in Cambria, Clearfield, Blair and Indiana counties. Some of the mines are already lighted in this manner.

START WORK ON PRISON

(continued from page 1)

percentage of the inmates of either of the two big penitentiaries in the State. The other prisoners are consequently in idleness. They have no opportunity for physical and mental exercise. In many instances they leave the prison at the expiration of their terms with health and mind shattered, with no trade or vocation, with nothing to start them on a new and better life. In countless instances they leave the prison worse than when they entered it. Many have left the prison to find their families impoverished and broken up. Confronted by the realization that their health was gone, their families scattered and the world offered little or nothing in the way of a helping hand, and worse if possible than all else, unable to help themselves, scores and scores of released convicts have become all the more hardened and their return to prison for more serious offenses followed. In not a few cases, prisoners confined for long terms have been driven to insanity by idleness, lack of sanitation and proper care.

It is a common occurence where a man is arrested, convicted and sent to the penitentiary that his wife and children are left without means of support. While in prison the husband and father is denied the opportunity to earn anything for them. Such families as these are subjected to hardship for which they are not responsible. Wives and daughters, thus thrown upon the world, are subjected to temptation which, aggravated by extreme poverty, has resulted in their downfall and wrecked their lives.

Warden Francies conceived the idea of not only giving work to men confined in prison but to make it possible for them to earn something for their families. His plan is to put prisoners to work on the farms, teach them trades in the workshops and sell their product to the State for use in State institutions. Meanwhile a part of what they earn will be sent regularly to the families of such prisoners, thus making it possible for them to live, keep the families intact and have a place for the husband and father to return to when he is released.

In outlining his ideas along this line, Warden Francies gave an illustration covering another phase confronting released prisoners. A young man is arrested and convicted of theft, for instance. He serves several years. When he is released he finds it difficult, if not impossible, to secure employment, even though his parents happen to have wealth. If, during the time he is in prison, Warden Francies explained, the young man is taught scientific farming he has something to turn to when released. Parents in his case could buy for him a small farm, place him upon it and thus afford him an opportunity to live a useful and successful life.

This man Francies is a remarkable make-up in many ways. Possessing far more energy than most men, one would not suppose him to be past the fifty years mark. But he is, and he goes about his work with an enthusiasm and vigor of one twenty years younger. He is a man of marked executive ability. It was his executive ability, signally displayed as superintendent of markets in Allegheny, later as postmaster in Allegheny and then while with the Philadelphia Company, in Pittsburg, that brought him to the notice of the Board of Penitentiary Inspectors when a few years ago a new Warden was to be chosen. He didn't apply for the post. When informed that he had been selected he frankly said that he would only accept if discipline were to prevail and his orders were to be obeyed.

Upon this basis he took charge as Warden. Conditions at the western penitentiary were in a demoralized condition. Warden Francies soon discovered that whiskey was being smuggled into the prisoners. Fifty or more guards were fired. He never suspends; he discharges. Some of the food inspectors were in league with dealers in supplies. Rotten meat was winked at, short measure was slipped through. Petty graft ran riot. Warden Francies, without warning, stepped into the supplies room and when the next lot of rotten meat was received he ordered it back to the dealers. The same meat was cut up into smaller pieces and again sent to the prison. Again it was ordered back. This continued for several days. His knowledge of supplies and provisions, gained by his experience as superintendent of markets in Allegheny, enabled him to judge and he issued his ultimatum that henceforth inferior grades would not be accepted. Politicians fairly howled in opposition to his rigid enforcement of rules, but Warden Francies bluntly replied that while he remained in charge good meats and other foods, and such only, would be accepted. He had his way. The officers who had been winking at petty graft walked the plank. The grafting in food supplies stopped.

When Warden Francies took hold the prison was deeply in debt. There was a deficit of over $80,000. There was a loss of $17,000 or more a year on mats, matting and brooms, manufactured in the prison. Warden Francies borrowed $45,000 from bank. He went to New York and placed the mats, matting and brooms on the market. He shipped several carloads to California. He notified wholesale dealers that they had been buying the goods for next to nothing and that in the future the price was to be advanced. For a time he was boycotted. Then the wholesalers weakened. At the end of his first year Warden Francies had paid off the deficit, instead of a loss there was a profit on the goods manufactured, and he had the satisfaction of being able to report the institution as being on a sound financial basis.

The strong personality of Warden Francies put a new atmosphere into the big prison, from top to bottom. One of his first orders to the guards was to instantly stop brutality in handling prisoners. This was followed by an order that only on his approval was any prisoner to be confined in a dungeon, of which there are four in the penitentiary. Up to that time the ball and chain and the dungeon was the favorite method of punishing unruly convicts. Warden Francies adopted a new method. His plan was to appeal to the reason and pride of the prisoner rather than to resort to force and brutality.

Just how his plan works out may best be described in telling of an incident in the last few weeks. Warden Francies had been in Bellefonte. Upon his return late at night to Pittsburg he went to the penitentiary. Upon his desk he found a note explaining that his order regarding confinement in the dungeon had been disregarded in the case of a prisoner in for life for murder, who had become violent and wrecked the plumbing and cell equipment, endangering a part of the prison with a flood of water. Late as was the hour, Warden Francies ordered the offending prisoner brought to his office. The unruly convict was a big, powerfully built Irishman, whose name isn't McCarthy, but we'll call him that in this article.

When the prisoner was brought into the office he was told to sit down. Warden Francies was busily engaged in writing several letters. For five minutes, ten minutes, he did not so much as look up at McCarthy. As he was blotting the last letter, and still without looking up, Warden Francies mildly said:

"McCarthy, there's just one question I want to ask you: What particular brand of liar are you, anyhow?"

McCarthy, disconcerted, taken by surprise at the question and expecting only to be berated for what he had done, mumbled out a reply.

"I'm not a liar at all."

"Yes you are," declared Warden Francies, this time his voice being commanding and his eyes fairly snapping fire. "You lied when you said you were an Irishman."

"But I am an Irishman," quickly spoke up McCarthy.

"No, no, you're not an Irishman," said Warden Francies, now more contemptuously than angrily. "No Irishman would have acted the way you have while I was away. Here I've been traveling around trying to find a good place for a new prison for you and the rest of the boys and while I'm gone you jump in and kick up a rumpus. Would any true Irishman have done that on me? Answer me, now would he? Wouldn't a true Irishman have been trying to set a good example to the other boys here?"

McCarthy sat there, his spirit crushed and all the fight in him gone. Finally he blurted out:

"Mr. Warden, I'll tell you how it was. I guess I made a mistake, but I got so blue and discouraged that I just didn't care what happened. It seemed as if there wasn't a hand in the world for me, nobody caring nor nothing, and I just lost my head. But I'm an Irishman and I'm standing here and telling you I'm sorry for what I have done, and if you'll take it here's my hand on my setting a good example to the other boys from this time on."

Warden Francies took the man's hand, told him that he was going to begin all over again with him and that he wasn't afraid to take the chance. McCarthy went back to his cell, not to the dungeon, and from that night on has been a model prisoner.

It is to eliminate the conditions that make prisoners desperate, and because they are desperate, dangerous criminals, that Warden Francies wants a prison where all may have something to do. He wants to make for the prisoners surroundings such as will bring out what good is left in their breasts. One of his plans is to put men to work building model roads all through the prison grounds. These roads, Warden Francies predicts, will be the finest in the country and will equal those of France, which are the admiration of all tourists. He plans transforming a section of the Nittany mountain into a beautiful park, one that will attract the visitor and command admiration everywhere.

After coming into contact with one thousand or more men from day to day, only one-third of whom may be employed at any one time, Warden Francies is of the belief that idleness is the worst curse to humanity that could exist. It is his aim to make the new prison one where idleness will be unknown.

If You Are A Trifle Sensitive

About the size of you shoes, it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for Patent Leather Shoes, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. Sample Free. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

Correspondence.

Blanchard.

Squire George W. Eaton and f amil are now occupying their new home, nearby town.

The Disciple Sunday school will give a Christmas entertainment and distribute gifts from a tree on Saturday evening, beginning at 7 o'clock An interesting program is being arranged and a delightful time is assured all who attend.

Miss Margaret Heverly is teaching the school of Miss Ellen Johnston, who is ill at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnston, nearby town. Several days ago a consultation was held by Dr. W. J. Kurtz, of Howard, and Dr. F. P. Ball, of Lock Haven. She is suffering from a complication of diseases, following an attack of grip. She became ill while attending the county institute, at Bellefonte. Her condition now shows signs of improvement and her numerous friends are hopeful for her speedy recovery.

Cloe Heverly, a young man from this place, last Saturday evening hired one of liveryman Orrin Stover's rigs and drove to Howard. He claims that while his horse was tied to a post at Howard somebody cut the tie strap and after driving the horse into the narrows near Jacksonville gashed the harness into pieces. The horse was found wandering about several hours later. The buggy was found to be badly battered up, one robe was slashed into ribbons and another robe was lost. Heverly alleges that he was assulted by a Howard young man and the latter has been arrested.

Woodward.

Mrs. A. C. Slifer and Mrs. N. W. Eby spent a day last week with friends in Millheim.

T. K. Benner, wife and son spent the Sabbath with their daughter, Mrs. Cleve VonNeida.

Miss Florence Benner entertained her friend, Miss Florence Guisewhite, from Fiedler, over Sunday.

Hasten Long and family spent the Sabbath with Mrs. Long's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Grenoble.

Mrs. Hinds and daughter, Miss Ruth, from Fiedler, were entertained on Sunday at the home of L. L. Weaver.

Dr. and Mrs. Ard are spending the Christmas holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Robert Smallwood, in Paulsboro, N. J.

Frank Richardson and family, from West Chester, are spending some time with Mrs. Richardson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Boob.

Mrs. Charles Musser, who had been in the Bellefonte hospital, returned home on Thursday. She has been doing very nicely ever since her return.

Prof. E. S. Stover, wife and daughter, Miss Grace, from Bloomfield, N. J., are spending the holidays with Mrs. Stover's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hosterman.

Rev. Mr. Caris, pastor of the Evangelican Association church, is conducting very interesting revival meetings in this place. There were five conversions last week.

Hublersburg.

Mrs. Martha Carner and children spent several days during the past week in Lock Haven.

Miss Lulu Glossner, of Jacksonville, spent Sunday with her friend, Miss Madaline Spayd.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Spayd went to Centre Hall on Monday, to be the guests of Mrs. Delaney for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hoy, of near Bellefonte, and Mr. and Mrs. I. Bierly, of Parvin, were in town on Monday attending the Vonada funeral.

J. G. Rathmell and friend, Earnest Raugh, of the U. S. S. "Vermont," left on Saturday evening for New York.

The Reformed Sunday school scholars are giving a Christmas entertainment on Sunday night. Everybody invited to be present.

Rev. H. I. Crow, of Bethlehem, the former pastor at this place, was called to Hublersburg very suddenly to officiate at the funeral of the late Calvin H. Vonada.

Unionville.

Mrs. Mattie Musser is still in a critical condition.

Miss Mary Lonsberry is again confined to the house with throat trouble.

T. E. Griest departed on Monday for the Sunny South, where he expects to spend the winter.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Flick died on Sunday. Interment was made on Monday.

William McEwen departed on Monday for West Virginia, where he is employed as head cook at a large lumber job.

There will be a large shooting match in Fisher's orchard on Christmas day, commencing at one o'clock, sharp.

Edward Morrison and Mrs. Annie Stere are about the same, not much change in their condition from last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Alexander and Mrs. Thomas Lambert have been confined to the house for the last two weeks. They are slowly convalescing.

School Board Meeting.

A meeting of the directors and teachers of College Township will be held in the Grammar School Room, at Lemont, at 6.30 P. M., December 22. The first part of the meeting will be devoted to paying the teachers, after which the subject: "How I Teach Arithmetic and School Management," will be discussed by the teacher. Patrons and all others are invited to attend and take part in the discussions.

H. W. LONBERGER.

A healty man is a king to his own right: an unhealthy man is an unhappy slave. Burdock Blood Bitters builds up sound health—keeps you well.

ROYAL
Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes delicious home-baked foods of maximum quality at minimum cost. Makes home baking a pleasure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

No Alum — No Lime Phosphates

Marriage Licenses.

Register Earle C. Tuten has issued the following marriage licenses in the last week:

James W. Gummo,	Beech Creek
Ada I. Walker,	Howard
Oren R. Williams,	Lemont
Helen E. Weaver,	"
John Paul Sliker,	Milesburg
Mabel S. Freize,	"
Charles I. Wert,	Spring Mills
Maybelle R. Bair,	"
M. Edwin Williams,	Martha Furnace
Estella Williams,	Port Matilda
Martin H. Northamer,	S Philipsburg
Ruth E. Kelley,	"

Apple Packing School.

An apple packing school will be held in Room 209, of the Agricultural Building at State College, every day from eight to five during Farmers' Week, December 27 to January 3. This will be in charge of Mr. Geo. N. Cresswell, an expert box apple packer. Lectures will be given on the proper methods of packing apples in boxes and an opportunity given for any one interested to do actual box packing in order to become thoroughly familiar with the work. Every fruit grower in the county interested in fruit or fruit growing should take advantage of this opportunity. Even if time cannot be spent to learn the operation of packing, it would be worth while to stop in and see the demonstration.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be aken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pill for constipation.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, Pa., and to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte Pa., on.

MONDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1912.

At 1.30 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate to wit:

All that certain tract, messuage, tenement and lot of land situate lying and being in Rush Township Centre County and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at a post on the Southerly side of the public road leading from Osceola Mills to Sandy Ridge, said post being at corner of No. 13, thence South 53 deg. 45 min. West, two hundred eighty-eight (288) feet to a post; thence North 5 deg. 50 min. West, one hundred thirty (130) feet to a post; thence along line of lot No. 11 North 53 deg. 45 min. East, one hundred forty (144) four feet to a post in line of said public road and thence along the Southerly side or line of said public road in an Easterly direction, one hundred fourteen (114) feet, more or less to a post the place of beginning. Containing forty eight one hundredths 48-100 acres of land more or less, thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other out buildings.

Seized taken into execution and to be sold as the property of Bilzer Maines.

TERMS OF SALE—No deed will be acknowledged until purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, W. E. HURLEY,
12-14-3t Sheriff.
Bellefonte, Pa., December 13th., 1911.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Pennsylvania Match Co., Incorporated, will be held at the office of the Company on Phoenix Street, Bellefonte, Pa., on the fifteenth day of January 1912, at three o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year, and to transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

J. L. MONTGOMERY,
Secretary.
12-21-3t.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder William H. Brown has recorded the following real estate transfers in the last week.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to David Chambers, et al, October 25, 1911, tract land in Snow Shoe township; $384.

William Martin to G. A. Myers, April 1, 1910, tract land in Spring township; $3800.

Charles D. Moore to T. D. Boal, November 24, 1911, tract land in Harris township; $3000.

James McMullen to W. E. Peters, December 12, 1911, tract land in Boggs township; $430.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to David Chambers, et al, September 27, 1911, tract land in Snow Shoe township; $52,-75.

Amos Garbrick to Centre County, December 13, 1911, tract land in Spring township; $10.

Mary Neidrich, et al, to Fred Pike, August 11, 1911, tract land in Rush township; $50.

W. L. Foster, et al, to George W. Campbell, October 17, 1910, tract land in State College; $450.

John D. Bower, et al, to W. H. Philips, September 29, 1911, tract land in Aaronsburg; $1.

Fergus Potter to Lena Calahan, April 1, 1886, tract land in Benner township; $50.

Joseph Florey, et ux, to John Houser, April 1, 1883, tract land in Benner township; $500.

James Kelley, et ux, to J. P. McNichols, March 30, 1907, tract land in Spring township; $1.

Centre Brick Co. to A. Z. Young, November 1, 1911, tract land in Howard township; $1050.

W. E. Hurley, Sheriff, to R. E. Kech, December 13, 1911, tract land in Snow Shoe; $400.

W. F. Reynolds, et ux, to T. J. Tressler, August 29, 1911, tract land in Benner township; $80.

Martha M. Johnston heirs to J. K. Johnston, November 2, 1911, tract land in Howard township; $2200.

Keystone State Savings & Loan Association to M. E. Frank, October 22, 1911, tract land in South Philipsburg; $300.

W. E. Hurley, Sheriff, to William Tressler, December 13, 1911, tract land in Spring township; $715.

Edwin Strunk, et ux, to Harriet Pennington, November 22, 1911, tract land in State College; $375.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—Several washings. Mrs. Annie Bathurst, 102 East Logan, St., Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR RENT—Six room house, corner of Logan and Ridge streets. Apply to Jacob Marks. 11-16-tf

HOUSEKEEPER—Mrs. Mollie Weaver, of Yarnell, offers her services as a housekeeper. The very best of references will be furnished. Address, Mrs. Mollie Weaver, Yarnell, Centre County, Pa.

AGENTS—We must get in touch with the one best agent in town. Inside information by mail. Subject (guaranteed) Dust Absorbent Products. Valentine Mfg. Co., Allston Station, Boston, Mass.

FOUND—Bronze watch fob found on December 20, near the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. Owner may recover same by calling at this office, identifying property and paying for this notice.

LOST—Lost in mail. August 19 I mailed two notes, signed by Mr. and Mrs. James Kustenborder; said notes were paid in full and cancelled. The finder will be liberally rewarded by sending to or leaving them at "The Republican" office. W. H. FRY,
Pine Grove Mills, Pa.,

Whiskey Made at Home with "Zanol" Concentrated Extracts saves 50 per cent. dealers price. Strictly legitimate. Agents coining money. Postal brings Free Booklet, "Secrets of making Liquors at Home." Universal Import Co., Dept. 3229, Cincinnatti, O.
12-14-2t.

REAL ESTATE—If you have a farm, timber or house and lot for sale, call on Robert Cole, Bellefonte, Pa. He will turn it into money for you, or if you wish to invest in any kind of property Robert Cole has it on hand. He also has a lot of ten acre farms for sale at $300 each, on easy payments, ten acres of this land is equal to 160 acres of our land 4t

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Herbert Schenck is on the sick list this week.

C. M. Muffly was a Lock Haven visitor on Monday.

Lewis Williams is numbered among the sick this week.

Mrs. Matthew Rodgers was a visitor in Altoona on Thursday.

Charles H. Lucas was a visitor to Bellefonte on Sunday.

Wm. Lucas, of Orviston, spent Sunday with his family here

David Tanyer, of Curtin, was a visitor in town on Tuesday.

Miss Rhea Bulkley visited friends in Bellefonte on Saturday.

Arthur M. Long visited friends in Lock Haven on Saturday.

Rev. Joseph Diehl, of Sunbury, is a Howard visitor this week.

Clayton Brown and George Beezer were Howard visitors on Monday.

John Wagner and son Russell were visitors in Bellefonte on Thursday.

Mrs. L. C. Thompson, of Orviston, was a week end visitor in Howard.

James Holter of Blanchard was a visitor at the home of his father last week.

G. S. Russell, of Mill Hall, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Peter Robb, Sr., has been quite ill at the home of his son, but is improving.

Joseph D. Diehl shipped a car load of hay to the eastern market on Monday.

Malcolm Hannon, of Northumberland, a Howard boy, is ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. John Wagner and Mrs. Jacob Robb were Lock Haven visitors on Tuesday.

Harvey Robb, of Lock Haven, was a visitor at the home of his father this week.

Gilbert and Comer Shope and Harry Bechdel were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday.

David A. Holter and Frank Williams were visitors in Lock Haven Sunday night.

The union week of prayer will begin on the night of Dec. 31 in the Methodist church.

G. H. Bulkley, wife and two children were visitors in Tyrone and Bellefonte on Tuesday.

Walter Muffly was a visitor this week in Lock Haven, Jersey Shore and Williamsport.

The following is the report of the several schools of the borough for the third month.

Mrs. John Yearick is some better this week and the condition of Mrs. Bouse is about the same.

Mrs. Showers, of Bellefonte, took dinner on Tuesday with her friends, I. R. Williams and family.

Rev. Kelley preached in the Christian chapel Sunday evening for the Presbyterian congregation.

Walter Holter spent a week with his friend Stuart Taylor at the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary.

W. L. Cooke, wife and daughter Marion and Miss Leach were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday.

Miss Ada Bowes, who is employed as a milliner at Middletown, Pa., is home for the Christmas season.

Charles Walizer, Henry and William H. Thompson were business visitors to the County Seat on Friday.

John D. Hall, a wholesale and retail ice cream dealer, of Sunbury, called on friends in Howard on Tuesday.

A. S. Williams and son, of Philadelphia, were guests Saturday and Sunday with Mrs. W's cousin, Mrs. J. B. Holter.

P. Edwin Thomas, secretary-treasurer of the Howard Iron & Tool Co., is spending a week in Chicago, looking after the interests of the company.

Mrs. N. H. Schenck has gone to Muncy to be at the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. Worthington, who is quite ill and with little hope of recovery.

R. A. Smith, of Clearfield, a representative of the Pittsburg Life and Trust Co., was in Howard on Thursday to settle the death claim of Charles E. Holter.

Thirty-four persons from here walked to Mt. Eagle last Saturday morning to see the remains of the fire which destroyed the barn on the farm of G. H. Leathers, and in which 32 head of live stock were lost.

PRIMARY.

Per cent of attendance	males	females	total
" " till date	71	71	72
Average of month	84	82	83
	14	14	28

Those present every day of the third month are:
Rollin Taylor, Harry Tice, Charlie Shay, Walter Oswalt, Vonda Johnston, Edith Pletcher, Julia Long, Pauline Neff, Carrie Quay, Lola Walizer, Virginia Weber.

MISS RUTH R. JOBSON, Teacher.

INTERMEDIATE.

Per cent of attendance	males	females	total
" " till date	92	94	93
Average of month	93	93	93
	21	16	38

Those present every day of the third month are:
George Columbine, Willard Holter, Ralph Mayes, Gregg Wensel, Harold Mayes, William Neff, Paul Shay, Kenneth Snyder, Austin Allison, Edwin Robb, Stanley Wagner, Alma Pletcher, Mary Kessinger, Helen Krape, Rosetta Schenck, Adelene Williams, Rosetta Knarr, Jennie Quay,

MISS ANNIE J. FISHER, Teacher.

Mrs. W. H. Long, Rev. M. J. Snyder and family, Mrs. J. F. Condo and daughter, Mrs. S. H. Bennison and daughter Helen, Miss Carrie Butler, Mr. and Mrs. M. Miner, Mrs. J. Will Mayes, Mrs. R. Cooke and danghter Rosetta were Lock Haven shoppers on Monday.

Samuel Holter, who is employed by the Stories and Harrison Nursery Co., of Painesville, Ohio, is home on a vacation and is taking orders for fruit trees and shrubbery during his stay here. "Sam" is thoroughly acquainted with the nursery business and can give his customers some useful information along with their purchases.

Pine Grove Mills.

To all, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Rain and mud, with no cold, brisk holiday weather in sight.

After April 1st. Ed Harpster will farm the John Archey farm, at Graysville.

Mrs. William Glenn is housed up nursing a bealed jaw and neuralgia of the face.

Baileyville has a new blacksmith in the person of William Nihart, of Oak Hall.

John B. Goheen spent Saturday here, looking up policies in the Penns valley company.

The Reformed Sunday school will hold Christmas exercises in the Bethel church on Chritmas eve.

Dallas Weller, who was seriously injured in a runaway accident several weeks ago, is about again.

George Woodring, of Tyrone, was here on Tuesday supplying the merchants for the holiday trade.

Last Friday Perry Hilliard moved to the Scruder home. The Scruder family flitted to the Buckeye State.

Our merchants have their show windows beautifully decorated with Christmas goods. Why go elsewhere to do your Christmas shopping?

The Baileyville Sunday school will hold their Christmas exercises in the church on Christmas eve. Everybody cordially invited.

Wilbur Sunday is the proud father of a bouncing boy baby, and grandpa Eberts is correspondingly happy and is walking on air and smoking fine Havanas.

Prof. L. C. White, of the township high school, expects to spend the holiday season at his home, near Warren, Pa., consequently there will be no school.

Curtis Miller, wife and family, of Altoona, spent Sunday at the George Miller home, just west of town. Curt is a train man on the middle division of the Pennsy.

Christmas exercises will be held in the Pine Hall Reformed church on Saturday evening, December 23, and on Christmas eve exercises will be held in the Lutheran church at Pine Hall.

Mrs. Charles Smith, of Erbtown, while closing a barn door, met with a painful accident on Monday. A brisk wind closed the door against her arm, breaking it. Dr. Woods reduced the fracture and she is getting along nicely.

Our mutual friend, William Thompson, spent several weeks down in Dixie land, where he has rich possessions of timber, coal and oil, and everything on the boom that his friends are naturally expecting him to be among the oil kings of West Virginia.

John and George Carper have just returned from a western trip, spending most of their time in Nebraska, where George rented a large farm of which he will take possession next spring. He will offer his entire stock and farming utensils at public sale early in March.

Abe Markel has bought another farm. The licker has been on for some time, but was closed up last Monday at the $10,000 mark for the Samuel Garner farm adjoining State College, on the East. Mr. Markel is to be congratulated on his purchase, the farm being one of the most fertile in the valley.

Penns valley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., with their friends, will hold their sixty-fourth annual banquet in their spacious hall on Thursday evening, December 28, and on the following evening Tussey Council, No. 515, I. O. of A., will hold their annual mid-winter feast at the St. Elmo hotel parlors, where all will be shown a royal, good time.

On Monday evening, while Ed. Moore and Cal. Bailey, of just west of town, were felling trees, Mr. Moore stepped back and his foot caught between two large stones from which he could not get loose and he fell, fracturing his left leg below the knee. Dr. Woods adjusted the fracture and now Ed. will be good for a long rest and meanwhile will be down flat upon his back.

Nittany.

Budd Allison recently visited friends in Williamsport.

Don't forget the social at John Tolbert's on December 30, next.

Preaching services in the Disciple church were well attended.

Miss Cordie Dorman, of Mackeyville, is spending a few weeks at home.

Olan Winkleman was a business visitor to Lock Haven one day last week.

Sanderson McDowell and family moved into the Dr. Huston home, at this place.

Miss Mable Bierly, of Jacksonville, visited her friend, Estella Rogers, over Sunday.

The sad news reached our town recently of the death of Calvin Vonada, of Hublersburg.

Murrel Kessinger, assistant mail carrier on R. F. D., completed his fifteen days work on Tuesday.

J. M. Kessinger and sisters, Erva and Lillian, and Mrs. H. A. Kessinger visited their sister, Mrs. Frank Spicer, on Sunday.

Joseph R. Rathmell, of the United States battleship "Vermont," and Earnest R. Paugh, of Wisconsin, also of the "Vermont," were pleasant visitors at the Kessinger home on Wednesday and Thursday nights of last week.

W. E. Kessinger has gone to Philadelphia, where he will spend the holidays. On his return home he will be accompanied by his wife, who has been visiting in the city for the past month.

Read "The Republican $1 a year.

TWO DAYS ONLY

Just 2 Days Remain for

Christmas Shopping

Do not put off purchasing gifts until the last minute That's a mistake so many people make. Visit our store now while we have a wide assorment of articles suitable as

GIFTS FOR LADIES

Perfumes, Toilet Waters, Toilet Sets, Hand Mirrors, Hair Brushes.

Quality and prices will more than please you.

Writing Papers, Box Papers, Initial Papers.

Many bargains for the early shoppers.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Bush House Block, - - - Bellefonte, Penna.

Mt. Eagle.

Mr. Lucas, of Bellefonte, was a recent caller at the Schenck home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank are visiting their children in York State.

Jack Leathers, who is employed at Tyrone, was home on Sunday.

Mrs. Clara McCallion, of Howard, took supper with her son, Al. Strickland, on Sunday.

Bowers and Lucas on Monday shipped a car load of hay to Dr. Tibbens at Beech Creek.

Mrs. John Thomas on Tuesday visited her daughter, Mrs. Watson, who is ill in the Bellefonte hospital.

Following the burning of the George Leathers barn there was a continuous stream of visitors to view the ruins.

Miss Ethel Bitner and her brother, Wilbur, were in Lock Haven on Saturday doing their Christmas shopping.

Mrs. Belle Sence, of near Eagleville, who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Leathers, returned home on Sunday.

Mrs. Cora Deitz Leathers, who had been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Aikey, at Bellwood, returned home on Friday evening of last week. Miss Anna Deitz, on the same evening, went to Bellwood for a brief visit at the Aikey home.

The Kennedy M. E. Sunday school on Sunday afternoon elected officers for 1912, as follows: W. F. Leathers, superintendent; Ward Daughenbaugh, assistant superintendent; Miss Mabel Bathurst, treasurer; Miss Myrtle Robinson, librarian; Miss Belle Leathers, organist.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.

Eggs, per dozen	.35
Butter, per pound	.32
Lard, per pound	.19
Tallow, per pound	.05
Onions, yellow, per bushel	.85
Potatoes	1.00

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.87
Wheat, red	.92
Wheat, (new)	.95
Oats (new)	.45
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.60
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.60
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.60
Barley, (per bu.)	.50
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

The Challenge of
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

For over five years, to other companies, to show an equal annual dividend increase, has not been accepted. The annual dividend on a 20 Payment Life Policy, issued 1904, at age 35, showed an increase:

1906 over 1905	22 per cent
1907 over 1905	55 per cent
1908 over 1905	94 per cent
1909 over 1905	131 per cent
1910 over 1905	170 per cent
1911 over 1905	213 per cent

AGENTS WANTED:--Liberal contracts given to men who will devote all or part of their time to writing life insurance. Assistance given in closing cases.

JOHN HUGHES BLACKMAN, Mgr.,
J. C. HUGHES, Assistant Mgr.,
Mears Building, Scranton, Pa.

W. L. MALIN, Dist. Mgr.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

The Chimney Was Stopped

And Santa Claus Came In at the Door

By F. A. MITCHEL

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It was the afternoon before Christmas day, 5 o'clock in the afternoon and so near Christmas eve as to be appalling to Joe Tooker, before whom was the prospect of spending Christmas alone. Joe occupied rooms in a tenement building, and next door on the same floor lived a widow with three children, the oldest being a very pretty girl of nineteen. Joe had caught several glimpses of the girl and many an evening when in his room alone had wished that he might go in next door and sit with the family, but he had no one to introduce him. The partition that separated him from their apartments was thin, and now and again when the family were in the room adjoining his he could catch bits of their dialogue.

He judged from these that they were people who had seen better days. Their speech was modulated after the manner of well bred people. The mother was at times fretful, as was to be expected of one growing old and battling with adversity at the same time. Joe would hear some complaint from the mother, always to be followed by a comforting word from the daughter, and in a very sweet voice. Then one of the children would be disgruntled, to be soothed by the sister.

"That girl is an angel," said Joe to himself.

As I was saying, it was about an hour before Christmas eve when Joe entered his lonely room and sat down to read an evening paper before going out to get his dinner at a restaurant. His folks lived too far away for him to go to them for Christmas or for them to come to him. He knew few people in the place and none so intimately as to secure an invitation for even a Christmas dinner. The consequence was that he dreaded Christmas eve and Christmas day and Christmas night. He wished he could go to sleep and remain asleep until the morning after Christmas. While he was thinking of his lonely lot he heard a voice on the other side of the partition, the voice of a complaining child.

"Why can't we have a turkey tomorrow, mamma?"

"Turkeys are very expensive this season, dearie. We can't afford one. We're going to have a nice hamburger steak instead. You know how fond you are of that."

"I don't want hamburger steak on Christmas. I want turkey. We're not going to have any Christmas at all this year. Jennie says we mustn't expect any toys, even in our stockings, for Santa Claus has sent a note that he is going to pass us over. I'm going to hang up my stocking anyway, and if he doesn't put anything in it I'll write him a letter telling him how mean I think he is."

"So will I," came another little voice.

Then the speakers went into another room.

An idea popped into Joe Tooker's head. It was the biggest, most original, most daring idea that the modest fellow had ever conceived. He sat, stunned by it, for some time, revolving in his mind various features concerning it; then, suddenly getting up from his chair, he hustled on his overcoat and hat, rushed out, slammed the door behind him and ran downstairs two steps at a time.

The first place Joe stopped at was a meat market, where he bought a turkey and celery and cranberries and oysters for the dressing and other things good to eat. Then he went to a toy shop and gathered in such trifles as children prize. He dare not trust to having them sent home, the hour being late, and took everything he bought with him. But he was big and strong and could have carried three times as much. Lastly, he looked in a directory for the address of a costumer and finally found one. Going to the place, he told the proprietor to fit him out at once as Santa Claus.

Returning to his room, he deposited his purchases and went out again to get his dinner. About 9 o'clock he went back, taking more toys and two bouquets of flowers with him and spent the evening arranging for putting this wonderful idea of his into practice. He had heard at various times enough through the partition to know the names of those on the other side, so he marked the toys, some "Billy" and some "Lucy." On one of the bouquets he tied a card on which he wrote, "To Mamma From Santa Claus," and on the other, "To Jennie From Santa Claus."

That wasn't a lonely Christmas eve for Joe Tooker at all, though he was alone. He was fixing up the gifts and trying on his Santa Claus suit all the while. But it must be admitted that every now and again he caught his breath at what he considered the daring deed he was about to perform. Then he would brace up and say, "Nonsense! Bosh! Pooh! Pooh! I'm not afraid!" and in another half hour would have to brace up all over again.

That night Joe didn't sleep more than four hours at most. He awoke long before daylight and waited till he heard a tiny voice say in a disappointed tone, "Oh, mamma, Santa [illegible]" Then he got suit and gave partition.

say "What's Then he

Your chimney get down to will let me in have them."

cried out: "In a few minutes Mr. Santa Claus—just as soon as mamma and Jennie are dressed."

When the toilets were made there came a rap from the other side, and a child's voice said, "All right, Mr. Santy; you may come in now."

Then Joe, gathering up the turkey and the other eatables and the toys and all rigged out as Santa Claus, his mask having a very red nose and a white beard, and wearing a fur coat, went into the hall and found the next door standing open, with mamma and Jennie and Billy and Lucy all looking with eyes wide open to see what was going to happen.

As Joe entered he handed a bouquet to mamma and one to Jennie. Then, laying the turkey and the other eatables on a table, he began to hand toys to Billy and Lucy alternately. He gave a jumping jack to Billy and a doll to Lucy, then a ball to Billy and a set of dishes to Lucy. And never in his life did he enjoy anything so much as watching the big eyes of the youngsters, eager to see what was coming next. He kept it up till his stock was exhausted, then, turning, said:

"Goodby. This is my last visit. Be sure to have your chimney fixed before next Christmas."

"Won't you breakfast with us, Santa Claus?" said mamma.

"Not this morning. It is too late. I must take my reindeers back to where I can give them their breakfast. Besides, the children are awaking, and I don't like to have them see me."

"But surely you will dine with us," urged Jennie.

"No. But there is a young man who rooms next door to you. He is a good friend of mine, and when I found I could not get down your chimney he let me in at his window. He has no one to spend Christmas with and nowhere to dine except at a restaurant alone. I will give my invitation to him."

"That will do very well. We shall be happy to see your friend at 2 o'clock," said Jennie.

Joe bowed himself out and went back to his room, where he placed his ear against the partition in order to better hear the comments on what he had done.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Billy, "why didn't you make him stay to breakfast. I don't believe any children ever had Santy to breakfast in the whole world."

"You'll find the young man next door," said Jennie, "just as nice. He is perfectly lovely."

"How do you know?" asked Lucy.

"How do I know? Why, didn't he take Santa Claus in at his window? If it hadn't been for him Santy couldn't have got in here at all."

"I never thought of that."

Joe wasn't interested in anything else after he heard Jennie say that he was "perfectly lovely." He took off his Santa Claus rig, put on his own clothes and went out to breakfast, chuckling at the success of his exploit.

"I tell you," he exclaimed to himself, "that was a mighty cheeky thing to do, but it turned out a scorcher. Any one who says I haven't sand don't know me."

Though Joe was alone till dinner time, he wasn't lonely at all. It was a bright, crisp morning, and he took a walk into the country breathing in the ozone and feeling very proud of himself at what he had done, and all the while he was mentally repeating what he had heard Jennie say of him—that he was "perfectly lovely."

At 1 o'clock he began to fix himself up for the dinner and tried on seven different cravats before he found one that suited him. The only time that seemed long during the whole day was the ten minutes just before the dinner hour. He looked at his watch seven times.

At 2 o'clock to the second he knocked at the next door, and when it was opened by Jennie, her face beaming, he said that his friend Santa Claus had transmitted to him an invitation to dinner. He told them he roomed next door and his name was Joseph Tooker. Mamma received him graciously, and the children climbed up on him and asked him to tell them all about his friend Santa Claus, since he must know just how Santa lived, where he got his toys and how he could visit so many children all in one night.

The turkey Joe had sent was done to a turn, and the celery and the cranberry sauce and the other things were all on the table, and mamma said that, since the dinner had been left by his friend Santa Claus, he must carve in place of Santa. So Joe, after whetting the carving knife on the steel, went at the turkey unmercifully, and in a few minutes it was lying in a heap on the dish.

That was a dinner. After it was finished mamma "did" the dishes while Joe and Jennie amused the children, and when mamma had finished her work she took the little ones into her room to read Christmas stories to them, leaving Jennie to entertain Joe.

And you may be sure this was the best part of the day for Joe, since Jennie kept all the time telling him that he was a "noble, good man" and awfully clever to think of personating Santa Claus, and—well, they were both as happy as they could be.

That was the beginning of Joe Tooker's taking the family under his wing. When the next Christmas came he was brother Joe to the children. But the chimney had been fixed, and Santa Claus came in the usual way.

What Dinner For Christmas Was Not Found

It was Christmas eve. Everybody had gone to sleep, stockings had been hung up, and the house was quite still when all at once strange sounds were heard from the pantry.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" some one was sobbing. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"It's the mince pie," growled the cranberries. "He's got a nightmare again."

"Keep quiet," growled the pumpkin angrily. "You have wakened the turkey."

And, sure enough, they heard the gobble-gobble of the turkey coming from the yard.

"Listen, my vegetables," said the turkey. "It was only yesterday the children came to my coop and began poking me with sticks. 'I am going to have his leg,' said one. 'And I his wing,' said another. 'And I his breast,' said a third. Now let us free the pig and all run away."

"I should like to know where we are going," said a sour pickle.

"Why, to Turkey, of course," said a sweet potato.

"Then we must lose no time," the turkey said. "Spring from your shelves and follow me."

The pumpkin, sweet potatoes, lettuce, pickles, cabbage and cranberries jumped down from their shelves. Only the mince pie was left behind, and he could not move, for he had been already chopped up and cooked.

Just then the pig began to grunt outside. The turkey had let him out.

THE PIG AND THE PIE.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" the mince pie began again. "I shall be left behind. What shall I do?"

His cries attracted the attention of the pig, who came in the pantry and looked at him.

"Shall I take you with me?" he asked politely.

"Oh, please do!" cried the mince pie.

Thereupon the pig swallowed him and trotted off to lead the procession which was waiting in the yard.

"Let us go to the old owl in the wood," said the turkey. "He is very wise and will tell us which is the way to go."

"We want to go to Turkey," simpered the cranberries.

No sooner had the cranberries said this than, gobble-gobble, the turkey swallowed them. Meanwhile the pig had eaten the sweet potatoes and the young lettuce. When they reached the wood where the owl lived only the pumpkin and the cabbage head were left, except the pickles, who were so sour that nobody would eat them.

"Hoot, hoot!" called the owl from a tree.

"Oh, Mr. Owl," said the turkey, "is that yourself?"

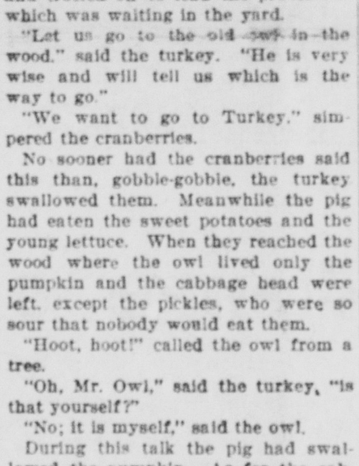
"No; it is myself," said the owl.

During this talk the pig had swallowed the pumpkin. As for the cabbage head, it had burst with rage at the rudeness of the owl.

All at once steps were heard, and the pig and turkey started back in fear as they saw something black coming through the darkness. It was a colored man.

"Um-um!" muttered the colored man. "Does I smell chicken?"

The turkey, with a wild gobble, started to run, but the colored man grabbed him and put him in a bag. He started after the pig. The pig tried to escape, but he had eaten so much that he could not run, and, besides, the mince pie had given him indigestion. He felt himself seized by the tail, and the blood rushed to his

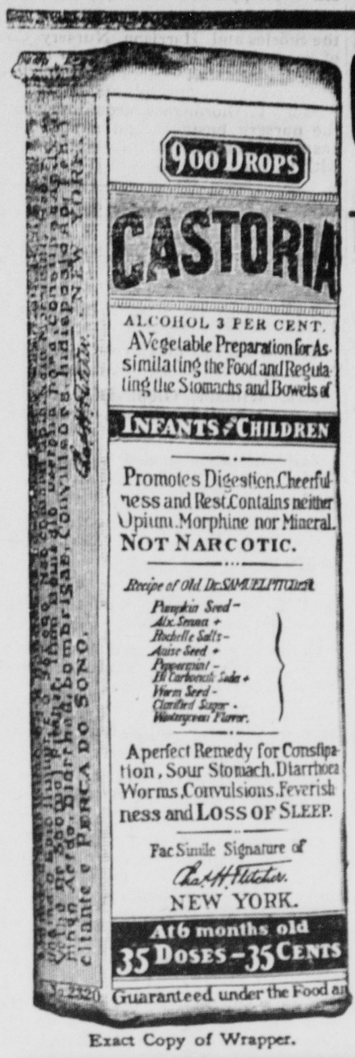


"I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'," CRIED THE NEGRO.

head. All hope was at an end when suddenly "Hoot, hoot!" called the owl.

"Oh, golly!" cried the negro. "I didn't no nothin'." Next moment he was flying for his life, leaving the bag in which were the pig and the turkey.

Crawling out of the bag, they started off and ran all night, hardly stopping to take breath, until when morning dawned they found themselves in a wild, lonely forest. There the turkey became king of wild turkeys, and he now roams the woods, followed everywhere by his faithful pig.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TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.20	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
	State College	7.25	11.10	3.20
	Strubles	f 7.27	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	f .....
	Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
	State College	8.00	11.50	5.03
	Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.09
	Waddles	8.20	12.10	f 5.25
	Briarly	f 8.24	.....	f 5.37
	Fillmore	f 8.28	12.18	f 5.38
	Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
	Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	12.30	f 5.50
Ar.	Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 6.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with trains No. 3 and 5 for State College. Afternoon trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

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A Christmas Morning

On Which a Bride Gives Her Husband a Present

By Martin Stringfellow

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"I am sorry, Ella, that we are not able to celebrate this our first Christmas together," said Tom Wentworth to his bride, "but the fact nevertheless remains true."

"And why not?" asked the young wife, with surprise written on every line of her face.

"Let me tell you." He took both her hands in his and drew her down on to a seat beside him. "I have something to impart that I have kept to myself for years. You know Shuster?"

"Yes, I know the old curmudgeon."

"Well, I am indebted to him to the amount of $1,000."

"Why, Tom! And you never told me!"

"I told you before we were married that I had barely enough income from my own profession to procure for us the necessaries of life, with not a cent for pleasures. The celebration of Christmas comes under the latter head. You remember that when I finished my four years at college my father failed and I had not the wherewithal to attain my profession. Then suddenly I told you that I had obtained the means, but was pledged to tell no one whence I received it."

"Yes; I remember that."

"One day while I was lamenting my hard fate in being obliged to go into business after expecting to become a lawyer I met old Shuster on the street. Shuster, as you know, lends money at a high rate of interest. He asked me what I proposed to do now that I had been graduated. I was full of my disappointment and told him about it. To my surprise, he offered to lend me the money required to study for my profession.

"'But,' I said, 'you only lend money on security, and I have no security.'

"'I want no better security than the word of an honorable man,' he replied, 'I know when it is safe to lend money and when to refuse to lend.'

"'But you will require a high rate of interest.

"'Not in this case. Six per cent will do.'

"He agreed to furnish the money as I needed it and declined to take any notes for the amounts loaned. I borrowed a little over three hundred a year from him for three years, earning myself as much besides. On getting my degree I insisted on giving him two notes of $500 each, one note to be paid each year. Now, you know that my salary with Busby and Busby is $1,500 a year. Of this amount $500 must go to Shuster, leaving us $1,000 on which to live; consequently for two years we have absolutely nothing for pleasures."

While the husband was speaking the wife drew closer and closer to him and when he had finished looked up into his face and said:

"I will help you all I can in the matter of giving up pleasures till the debt is paid."

"I knew you would, sweetheart. You see, I shall not only wish to show myself worthy of Shuster's confidence"—

"His confidence!"

"Yes. Did he not prove it in lending me the money on my bare promise to repay him?"

"Oh, certainly—yes. I suppose so."

"Well, then, it is understood that we give no presents on Christmas. We can tell every one beforehand that we intend to make nothing of Christmas this year, and next year we'll tell them the same."

"No, we won't."

"But dear, I shall have another note"—

"Never mind next year. I will agree to all you suggest for this one except one thing. There shall be one gift between us, and only one. That will be from me to you."

"Well, be it as you wish. But let it be some trifling article made with your own hands. I shall prize it all the more if you make it yourself."

This dialogue occurred previous to Tom Wentworth's departure for his office. With the last words he kissed his bride and went out. She appeared at a window, and he threw her a kiss.

Unknown to her husband, Ella Wentworth made such preparations for Christmas as she chose to make. She was the financial manager of household expenses and was not required to make an accounting. As to the subject of her conversation with her husband, it must be confessed that she violated his wishes. She purchased such gifts as she would have bought had he not signified a desire that she should not do so. But she maintained absolute secrecy in these matters, bringing home the articles herself when she knew Tom was at the office and storing them away where he would not stumble upon them. She provided for an elaborate breakfast for Christmas morning, inviting every one of her own and her husband's families to join them on the occasion.

Tom saw Christmas approach with something of displeasure—that is, the Christmas of his own household. Holidays we do not celebrate ourselves are not only irksome, but at times unpleasant. Tom knew what he had asked of his wife in suggesting that she give up entering upon the pleasures of Christmas in order to pay, as he expressed it, "for a dead horse." He told her when he went to his office the day before the holiday that he would be obliged to spend the evening there working over the papers of a case that had been referred to him to put in order to be used at an approaching trial. His purpose was to furnish an excuse for spending Christmas eve, which they could not afford to make a joyous occasion, away from home. He expected that she would demur at this, but she made no objection whatever. Indeed, since she was intending to celebrate Christmas morning with considerable profusion and fearing that he would notice some indication of the coming event, she was glad to have him away from the house.

Tom came home late Christmas eve, heaving a sigh as he turned his latch key. Ella was waiting for him upstairs and, instead of re-echoing his sigh, received him with a smile.

"What a treasure you are, sweetheart," he said, embracing her, "to give up so much for me."

There was a twinge of conscience on the wife's part at this undeserved encomium, but she threw it off and began to speak of other subjects. We are but human, and it is not best to put too great a strain on one another. To deny a woman or a child all participation in celebrating Christmas is assigning a task without giving adequate strength for its performance. Tom lay awake that night brooding over having to deny his young wife what he knew she so eagerly desired and awoke late the next morning. Ella had dressed and gone below. Tom arose and was completing his toilet when he heard voices downstairs. Since the pair kept no servant he was surprised. Going downstairs he was astonished to see his mother and his father and his sister, while his wife's parents were just coming in at the front door.

"Merry Christmas!" all shouted at once.

Tom looked at Ella with a half astonished, half reproachful glance, which melted into a smile under the ringing salutation.

Then came others of both families, every one bringing a package. Tom was surprised to see the breakfast table drawn out to thrice its usual length, with a card bearing a name on each plate, packages piling up on each card. Ella in passing him took his hand and gave it a squeeze, looking into his eyes with an expression which might mean almost anything, but which Tom took as a pleading for forgiveness. Then the breakfast was brought in and all sat down to the table.

Neither Tom nor Ella made any reference during the meal to Ella's violation of her agreement as to celebrating Christmas. But Tom did not act disagreeably about it, after the first few moments entering into the spirit of Christmas with a hearty good will. Ella was unusually merry, showing no trace of fear at a scolding after the celebration was over. When breakfast was finished it was agreed that the presents should be handed to the bride's father, who would read aloud the names of the donor and receiver written on them and hand them to the latter to be opened.

And so the process began, the minor articles being first distributed. Even though the gifts are trifling there is something delightful in the expectation attending these Christmas distributions. A name was read and the package handed to the receiver, who, with a smile for the donor, opened it and, no matter how unimportant the gift, expressed unbounded delight. Half an hour was taken up before the last present came up to be delivered.

"Ella to Tom," was read out in a sonorous voice.

Tom, seeing a little package no heavier than an ordinary letter, felt relieved, thinking that Ella had kept her word at least in this one item, giving him some trifle—a bookmark, perhaps—that she had made with her needle. The package was handed to him amid silence, all eyes turned upon him to discover what her gift would be. He broke the string and took out two bits of rectangular paper. It gradually dawned upon him that they were the two notes for $500 each he had made to Shuster. On their face was stamped in large red letters the word "Canceled."

Tom looked up at Ella, whose eyes were dancing with delight. For a few moments he did not seem to understand the matter or at least did not know what to do. Then he arose from his seat and, going to her, took her in his arms amid a united shout of "Merry Christmas!" from the others, who by this time had gained an inkling of the meaning of the bride's gift.

Calls for an explanation coming from all sides, it was given by the bride's father:

"About the time Tom was graduated from college and needed money for his studies for a profession Ella received a legacy of about $1,200. She desired to give it to Tom for educational purposes, but feared he would not accept it. She went to Shuster, a money lender, and hired him to propose to furnish Tom with the required means at a moderate interest, and it was through Shuster that Ella lent Tom the money, the notes for which on this blessed Christmas morning she as his wife cancels."

All leaned forward to catch every word of this brief explanation. When it was finished every one felt moved to say something, yet no one seemed to know what to say. The silence was broken by Ella's little brother, aged six, who wildly shouted "Merry Christmas!"

The words were not so irrelevant as they seemed, since it was on the first Christmas morning that the great lesson of self sacrifice was announced to the world.

Her Santa Claus

And the "Happy Man" Are One and the Same

By Clarissa Mackie

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The hall on the third floor of Mrs. Ramsell's boarding house stretched a dark and gloomy tunnel from front to rear. Halfway down its length a small nimbus of light surrounded a tiny gas flame. There was an undiscovered leak in the pipe here, and the air was always foul with the escaping gas.

White painted doors led from the hall into rooms at front and rear and on the west side. The stairway went down the eastern blank wall into the dimly lighted brussels carpeted gentility of the second floor. Up here, however, there was merely brown oilcloth on the floor, and it was worn into uneven hillocks and was slippery with age.

Honora Burr came up the stairs and thrust a key into the lock of the third floor rear room. The door swung back against the wall and made a passage for her to squeeze in between the narrow white iron bedstead and close the door. In one corner was a battered oak bureau with a distorting mirror above it. There were a washstand and a rocking chair and Honora's shabby trunk. That was all.

When she had removed her hat and cloak and hung them in the tiny closet Honora attached a piece of gas hose to her jet and lighted a small gas stove. On this she placed a saucepan of water and then sank wearily into the chair. With the stove lighted there was a dim bluish glow in the room, and Honora sat there waiting for the water to boil and looking out of the window at the dreary prospect of tall brick structures and distant blinking lights. From the next block came the clatter and bang of elevated trains.

Suddenly all the view from the window was blotted out in a mist of tears. Honora's bright head pressed heavily against the back of her chair, and she placed her hands against her eyes.

"I can't stay here," she sobbed. "I can't stay all alone in this big city at Christmas and know that there is nobody to care whether I have a good time or not, nobody to give any presents to, nobody to say 'Merry Christmas' as if it were really meant!"

Honora Burr's position was a peculiar one. She had been delicately nurtured in a comfortable home in a pleasant suburb. She was the only child of parents who had no relatives except very distant cousins in another city who were almost strangers to the Burrs. Honora's father had been confidential man in a large city house, and two years before this Christmas eve he had been arrested for embezzling money from his employers and in despair had killed himself, leaving his wife and daughter almost penniless.

The disgrace of the affair, combined with the shock of her husband's death, ended Mrs. Burr's life within another year, and Honora was left to face the world alone. After she had sold off most of the household effects and stored the remaining few with a friend Honora paid the debts and went to New York to seek a situation.

She had keenly felt the humiliation and disgrace attendant upon her father's death, but nevertheless Honora Burr never believed that he was entirely guilty. That he had not lived to make a fight for his honor was his weakness. Honora was proud, and she would not approach any of her father's friends or acquaintances in her quest for work. She would not embarrass them by courting a refusal.

By her own efforts Honora secured a position in a music store, where for $8 a week she sold sheet music and demonstrated the quality of pianos by her brilliant playing, for Honora was a skilled musician. Her life was a very lonely one in the dreary boarding house, but she could not afford to take a brighter and better room, for she was saving a dollar a week from her wages, hoping to accumulate enough money by spring to give up her situation and seek some music pupils.

The kettle was boiling merrily now, and Honora poured some of the water into the little Japanese teapot she had brought from home and set the remainder back on the stove to boil an egg for her supper. As she moved about the blue dusk of the room one could see that she was small and slender and gowned in black from head to foot. Her face and the white of her little hands and the snowy glimpse of white at neck and wrists shone out.

Somebody came up the stairs three steps at a time whistling merrily, tramped noisily down the hall and the door of the large front room opened and closed. The whistling continued.

"It's the happy man," said Honora to herself as she extinguished the stove and turned on the gas light.

This was the worst Christmas eve Honora had ever spent. Last year it had been sad, but her dear mother was alive. Now she was all alone, and the horror of loneliness seemed almost more than she could bear.

"In the story books," said Honora forlornly, "if one is unhappy on Christmas eve they go out and do some good to the poor and unfortunate, but when one hasn't got but a dollar and forty cents to last until next pay day I wonder what one ought to do?"

The question was answered at once. The door of the front room opened again and the "happy man," as Honora had designated the good looking lodger who ran up and down the long stairs of Mrs. Ramsell's gloomy house, whistled through the hall. He started down the stairs and Honora heard a ripping sound, a sharp exclamation and the thud of a heavy fall. Then all was quiet for a moment.

By the time she had reached the foot of the stairs there was an excited gathering of women about the prostrate form of the "happy man."

Mrs. Ramsell was loud in her lamentations. "As if I didn't have enough on my hands tonight," she wailed, "without him falling downstairs and killing himself."

"It might be cheaper if you'd put a new carpet on those stairs, Mrs. Ramsell," said a bleached looking woman in a red silk waist.

"That carpet was new last spring," retorted Mrs. Ramsell, quick in defense of the tattered furnishing of the third floor. "He oughter looked where he was going."

"Has any one sent for a doctor?" asked Honora quietly.

"No. Mary, you telephone to the hospital for an ambulance!" screamed Mrs. Ramsell over the banisters to the floor below.

"Why not send for a doctor," urged Honora, bending over the unconscious man. She had noted his evident refinement, and the quality of his clothing indicated that he must have known better days, although his presence in the cheap boarding house was a mystery. "He has a room. Perhaps he would prefer to be taken care of here."

"Who's going to pay a dollar for a doctor?" demanded Mrs. Ramsell shrilly. "How do I know I'll ever get it back from him."

"I'll take the risk," said Honora impatiently, and Mary was directed to telephone for the nearest physician. Mr. Ramsell was rooted out of some lower basement retreat, and, together with the stout armed Mary and the lesser efforts of Honora and a pale faced youth from the third floor front room, the still form of the no longer "happy man" was conveyed to his room on the floor above and laid on the bed.

After that Mrs. Ramsell announced that she left the case in the hands of Miss Burr, "who didn't seem to mind meddling in other folks' affairs," she acidly remarked, and at once disappeared to attend to the interrupted supper. The other boarders scattered to forget the affair in the more absorbing topic of approaching Christmas, and Honora was left alone with Paul Davis.

The doctor arrived five minutes afterward and announced that the patient was merely stunned and would recover under the application of certain restoratives, which, with Honora's help, he proceeded to employ. Their efforts were rewarded by the opening of a pair of dark eyes, followed by a prolonged stare and dazed questioning.

"It's a miracle that your husband did not break his neck," said the doctor genially as he pocketed his fee and hastened away, for it was Christmas eve, and he was in a hurry.

Honora blushed crimson and a look of concern came into Paul Davis' face. "I'm under the greatest obligation to you," he said frankly, "and I am sorry to have been the cause of any embarrassment. Please tell me who you are so that I can realize the situation. The doctor has ordered me to keep in bed till morning, and I feel dizzy enough to never get up!"

Honora told him briefly that she was his neighbor on the same floor and that as she had more leisure than any of the other boarders she had merely undertaken to look out for him until the doctor came. "The others had so many things to do. Tomorrow will be Christmas, you know," she ended.

"It's Christmas for you, too, isn't it?" he asked sharply.

"It used to be, but it isn't any more," she said sadly.

The pale faced young man thrust his head in the door to say that he would sit up all night with Mr. Davis, and so Honora, with a warm hand clasp from the "happy man," who looked especially happy whenever he glanced at her charming face, went back to her little room to face Christmas alone.

Morning brought a delightful surprise. From her door handle there hung all sorts of gifts perhaps purchased in haste that morning, but selected with taste. Just the presents that Honora could accept too. A big box of roses and a glorious potted azalea, a five pound box of candy, a basket of fruit, a book and an envelope containing a couple of matinee tickets. "This should keep you busy on Christmas day," was scribbled on a blank card, for the donor was anonymous, but, of course, Honora knew who it was.

It was a happy Christmas for Honora, after all. The dollar she had emptied from her scanty purse to pay to the doctor brought her the happiness of her life. It developed that Paul Davis was a newspaper man temporarily out of a situation, and on Christmas eve he had been appointed to the staff of a great New York daily and, as he explained afterward to Honora, was "on Easy street." But he did not leave Mrs. Ramsell's shabby boarding house, which had been a refuge for him while out of work. He stayed on there and on until at last Honora could no longer withstand his pleading and so they were married.

"I call my husband 'Santa Claus' because he brought me the greatest happiness I have ever known," explained Honora to a friend one day.

"And I call Honora 'Mrs. Santa Claus' for the same reason," averred Paul Davis proudly.

Their "Poor" Christmas

How It Came to Be an Institution in the Family

By F. A. Michel

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Christmas in the Ripley family was coming on, but there were none of those delightful anticipations that usually attend the approach of the day which marks the birth of the Christ Child. Little Frank, the youngest, a boy of seven, was lying ill, and the doctors gave slight hope of his recovery.

On Christmas eve Frank lay in a stupor. His brothers and sisters were sitting in an adjoining room talking in low voices, but he could occasionally hear a word or part of a sentence. The word most used was Christmas. Frank had passed through four or five of these joyful anniversaries after he was old enough to appreciate them, and a faint interest, notwithstanding his condition, was awakened.

Then he heard the word death spoken almost in a whisper, and the children wondered whether the dead can enjoy Christmas. One said that the dead were everywhere at Christmas, but their enjoyment consisted in giving presents to the living. Another declared that these spirits visited only the poor. Then Frank heard his oldest sister say:

"It may be that Santa Claus is one of these persons who lived, but have become spirits. This would account for his being everywhere at once."

"I never thought of that," said Joe. "When I was a little kid I soon ceased to believe in Santa, but if I had thought of him as a spirit I might have believed in him till today."

Frank was approaching the crisis of his disease and was a very sick child. The doctor had told his parents that during the night he would either die or in the morning be much better. Among other things the children talked about was this crisis, some speaking of Frank dying, others wondering, if he passed the crisis, whether he would be well enough the next day for them to celebrate Christmas. And Alice, the girl next older than the sick boy and his inseparable playmate, said that she shouldn't enjoy the day anyway unless Frank were able to enjoy it with her.

It must not be supposed that Frank listened to all this as another would listen to it. He was in a high fever, and it seemed to him that he was in the midst of a turmoil. What the children said seemed to pass by him like bits of mist scudding before a driving wind. Then all was still for awhile. Possibly the poor boy fell into a slumber. He saw something white bending over him, great wings extending from its shoulders. The figure took him up in its arms and rose slowly with him. The ceiling opened, and Frank found himself passing out under the stars.

"I have died," he said to himself, "and an angel is carrying me away. Now that I am a spirit, I wonder if I shall be permitted to visit live people on Christmas eve?"

Now, Frank had not died at all. He was in a very low condition, and his nurse, clad in white, had bent over him and lifted him up in her arms to change his position in the bed.

Dreams sometimes lead us through a long chain of events, though the time occupied is but a fraction of a second. And, while I don't know whether this was a dream or a condition occasioned by the boy's weakened faculties, Frank was a long while under its influence. I am not prepared to say that there was nothing in it which we call supernatural. The immortal world lies all about and very near us, and it is not impossible that an innocent child should be given a sight into things that are hidden from men.

Be this as it may, Frank was carried in the angel's arms out into the night. He looked down upon the lights and the throngs who were passing along the street going in and out of the shops, for, though it was dark, the people had not finished their buying for Christmas. The scene was busy without and busy within. Frank could look at both and at the same time.

And he saw the tired clerks in the stores waiting on customers and the children hanging up their stockings. The angel took him to the homes of the children of well to do parents. He saw them all in their richly furnished rooms going to bed in embroidered nighties, many of them crawling in under silk and down comforters. In the closets were innumerable packages that had not yet been opened, while tables were heaped with candies and fruits.

"Take me where I can see the poor children," said Frank to the angel. "These have so much that it tires me to look at it all."

Then the angel passed over that part of the city where the poor children lived, and Frank was astonished at their humble, many of them squalid, quarters. In their larders he could see nothing for a Christmas dinner, and but few of them had any toys. And Frank saw something that made him wonder. It was himself in a dingy room with no furniture in it except a chair and a small table. He was lying in a corner on a mattress covered with a thin, worn blanket. His mother had put over him so much of her own clothing to keep him warm that she was shivering with the cold.

Frank knew that the child he saw—his other self—was sick, because he was white and thin and he rolled his head from side to side as if in pain. The invalid opened his eyes and said:

"Mamma, I want some grapes."

The mother moaned that she had no grapes to give her boy and no money to buy them with. Frank asked the angel why some of the grapes and other fruits he had seen in the houses of the rich could not be brought to the child, and the angel said:

"These persons cannot look through each other's walls as we can. Rich people cannot give what they have to the poor or they would be poor and the poor rich. And I fear that those who had been benefited would be ungrateful and, keeping what they had gained, would turn away from their benefactors. Nevertheless more than 1900 years ago on Christmas morning a child was born who when he grew up set an example to all people, telling them that the giver is really more happy in giving than the receiver. Tomorrow is the birthday of this child."

"But this troubles me," said Frank. "I don't wish to see any more of it. You showed me the homes of the children of the rich on Christmas eve, and they were so loaded with comforts, with good things to eat and with toys that it wearied me. These homes of the poor I can't bear to look upon. Take me away."

Then it seemed to Frank that the angel rose with him into an atmosphere that was like summer. Birds were singing, flowers blossoming, and he heard the strains of music.

"I am going to heaven," the boy said, "where there are neither poor nor rich. I don't like to be one of either."

At 4 o'clock in the morning Frank's nurse called his mother and told her she thought there was a change for the better. He was sleeping quietly. The mother went into the sickroom and, looking down at the face of her boy, delighted, said:

"The doctor told me the crisis would pass tonight, and I believe it has. How sweetly he is sleeping! There is almost a smile on his face as if he were dreaming of heaven."

Then she went back and told the father to come and see. He did so and, heaving a great sigh of relief, said: "You are right. Our boy will live. When the children awaken we will tell them what has happened that they may make merry as usual on Christmas morning."

Before breakfast the doctor, who was anxious about his patient, believing that during the night a change would come, appeared at the house and went immediately to the sickroom.

"Merry Christmas, doctor," said the patient. "I want a whole lot of things to eat. Can I have 'em?"

"What do you want first?"

"Grapes."

"The very thing," said the doctor. "What next?"

"Beefsteak and creamed potatoes."

"Good! You're all right."

Then turning to Frank's mother, he told her to bring the grapes and whispered to her to follow them with some broth.

"Doctor," called Frank as the former was about to leave the room, "can I get up?"

"Not just yet, my boy. You don't want to get up. You're comfortable in bed."

"Yes, but I want to go out with a whole lot of things to the poor children."

"The poor children! What do you know about them?"

"I know a lot. I died last night, and an angel in white who looked just like nurse took me all over. I didn't like it at all; it tired me."

That was a happy Christmas day to this family, Frank having been spared to them. During the morning one by one his brothers and sisters were admitted to see him for a few moments only. But when Alice came Frank begged hard that she be permitted to stay longer, and it was finally decided that she might remain half an hour. When they were alone together he told her all about his strange vision or dream, or whatever it was, and she listened to every word, and when he had finished she said:

"You and I can't do much ourselves this year at taking presents to the poor children, though I will tell papa and mamma about it and I think they will let some of us children go in the automobile and take some things to the McCanns, who used to work for us, and some others. But next Christmas I promise you, Frankie, dear, we'll spend most of our Christmas money in that way, taking our gifts to the poor children, and how nice it will be to see them made happy."

"That's what the angel said," Frank put in. "He said that the giver was more blessed than the receiver."

Alice didn't stay quite through the half hour, for while she was talking to the invalid she saw that is eyelids were getting heavy. He had his hand in hers, so she ceased to talk to him and sat motionless till he was asleep, and then she quietly withdrew her hand and left him.

The next Christmas was a very different one in this household from any that had preceded it. Alice and Frank having proposed the change. They called it their "poor Christmas," every gift being to the poor. There was no surfeiting of good things at home and no surfeiting for the poor, for much as was provided there was room for many times more. Nevertheless they all voted that it was the happiest Christmas they had ever spent, and they agreed that they would have a "poor Christmas" every second year.

Here and There.

No paper next week.

We are making a run on the San Felice cigar—25 in a box, $1.00. Bush House Cigar Store.

Gilbert Meyer, of Pittsburg, a former student at the Academy, visited several days this week with friends in Bellefonte.

Mrs. Pearl Condo, who enjoyed a visit of several weeks with Bellefonte friends, returned on Tuesday to her home in York.

Edmund Joseph, a student at State College, will spend Christmas with his mother, Mrs. Emil Joseph, in New York.

Rev George D. Graeff, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, at Tyrone, has accepted a call from the Trinity Episcopal church, of New York.

Miss Janet Scott returned on Saturday from Wellesley and will spend the Christmas holidays at the home of her uncle, Charles M. McCurdy.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries yesterday shipped 71 cans of six-inch trout to Philipsburg for distribution in the streams nearby that place.

The Bellefonte basketball team has captured the first game of the season, defeating the Tyrone Big Five, 36—24, in Bellefonte, on Monday evening.

Mrs. Clarence Bolton this week returned to her home in Wheeling, West Virginia, after a most delightful visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Donachy.

Joseph Hale, a son of Mr. and Mrs. James P. Hale, of Youngstown, Ohio, formerly of Philipsburg, and Miss Helen McGraw, also of Youngstown, were recently married at that place.

J. McClellan Davis, the popular proprietor of the Garman House, was a Tyrone visitor this week, going up to see how his son, Ray, is getting along with his automobile tire and repair shop.

William Walker, the fish and oyster man, says that the shell oyster business has been growing so rapidly that today and tomorrow he will receive 12,000 unopened oyzters to meet orders already in hand.

Don't forget the "Beauty Spot" this (Thursday) afternoon and evening. Matinee prices 25 and 50c. Night prices 35, 50, 75c. $1.00 and $1.50. Children in balcony at night 25c. 22 musical numbers and dances. See Frank Deshon as Gen'l. Samover, of the Russian Legation, Paris.

We appreciate that many ladies have a natural hesitancy in buying cigars as Christmas gifts for their husbands. We simplify this by offering the benefit of our knowledge of what cigars most men smoke. We call at your homes with samples by appointment. Bell phone, No. 189-2. Bush House Cigar Store.

Christmas services will be held in the Reformed church, as follows: Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, special music and a Christmas sermon. Sunday evening at 7 o'clock, the Children's Christmas festival will be celebrated. Monday (Christmas) morning, at 7 o'clock, an early service of praise will be held.

Among the arrivals at home from the colleges we note the presence of Miss Helen Rebekah Hawes, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. G. E. Hawes. She is a student at The Western College for Women, Oxford, O. She entered this high grade institution last autumn. This is her first visit to her new home.

George A. Beezer, the automobile man, this week had built a frame runway leading to the second floor of his garage at the northern end. Judging from the grade and the angles of the structure, John Lyon, George's right hand man, is due for some dizzy exhibitions of looping the loop. However, the mere fact that Mr. Beezer needs more room is the best indication that business is increasing at his garage.

What is hoped will be a most interest and profitable series of evangelistic meetings will be conducted by the Bellefonte United Brethren church, beginning Sunday evening, December 31. The first week's services will be conducted by Rev. T. C. Harper, pastor of the First U. B. church, of Altoona. Considerable interest is already manifested in the proposed meetings, to all of which the public is cordially invited to attend.

It is rumored on the street that The Bell Telephone Co. is negotiating for the purchase of the Dr. W. W. Feidt property, on High Street, and that if the deal goes through the telephone exchange and also the Western Union telegraph office will be removed to that place. Confirmation of the report could not be had at the local office. Manager Mallilieu, of the Bell company, saying that he had no information on the subject. The Bell Telephone Co. and the Western Union now being under the same control, the policy of securing ground floor offices for both and in one building is being adopted in many places.

Harry Gerberich and Fred Lane are helping out this week at the Adams Express office, although the Christmas rush is so heavy that even with the extra clerks Agent Harry Taylor and his regular assistant, Charley Taylor have their hands more than full. Down at the Central station Perry Alters, American Express agent, is kept on the jump with the Christmas trade over his line, but he is hustling his deliveries with such promptness that every package from Santa Claus is sure to be given the very best of attention.

Church-goers at the Presbyterian Church will find that the services for Sabbath have been arranged to fit in with the season. Everything will be in keeping with Christmas cheer. The regular choir has been supplemented by other voices for the choruses. Mrs. J. Herbert Robb, the organist, will be assisted by an orchestra of three pieces, Mr. Christian Smith, violinist; Mr. Harry Garbrick, cornetist, and Mr. Henry D. Brown, bells. The choir will render: "O, Little Babe of Bethlehem, "He shall reign forever," "Behold I bring you good tidings," and "The First Christmas Morn." Solos will be sung by Miss Julia Curtin, Miss Dorothy Jenkins, and Mrs. Joseph D. Mitchell. The sermons of the day will be appropriate to the Christmas time. They will be preached by the pastor, Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes. The public is most cordially invited to worship with these people. Sabbath at 10.30 A. M. and 7.30 P. M.

All of the Bellefonte boys attending State College are home for Christmas.

J. A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, was a business visitor to Bellefonte yesterday.

W. C. Snyder, of Snow Shoe, spent several hours in town between trains yesterday.

John W. Hartsock, of near Waddle, was a genial visitor in town between trains on Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry Ruhl departed yesterday for Pittsburg, where she will spend Christmas with her mother.

Frederick and Philip Reynolds, who attend St. George's school, at Newport, are home for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Crider will spend Christmas with Mrs. Crider's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Freeman, at Tyrone.

Quite a number of Christmas trees were brought to town this week, the selling price ranging from 40 cents to 75 cents and $1.

Mrs. J. M. Harris, of Newark, N. J., spent several days this week visiting at the residence of her brother, Andrew Young, and family.

Mrs. E. S. Long, of Wingate, and her sister, Mrs. Zinck, of Lock Haven, spent Tuesday in Bellefonte doing a little Christmas shopping.

Miss Ethel Gettig, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis H. Gettig, returned home from Irvin College and will enjoy her Christmas in Bellefonte.

Walter B. Furst, who has a responsible position at New Haven, Conn., will arrive in Bellefonte on Saturday and will remain over Christmas at the home of his mother, Mrs. A. O. Furst.

Mrs. Frank Henderson and daughter, Miss Anna, who were guests at the Isaac Thomas home, on Thomas Street, during the past week, returned on Tuesday to their home at Jersey City, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hamilton with their daughter, Miss Florence, and son, Clarence, will spend Christmas with two other daughters, Mrs. Edward Franks and Mrs. Edward Gingher.

Stanley B. Valentine, who is rapidly forging to the front in business circles in Pittsburg, will arrive home on Saturday to enjoy his Christmas with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry C. Valentine.

Miss Elizabeth Morris, who is a student at St. Mary's college, in North Carolina, arrived in Bellefonte last week and will remain here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Morris, during the holiday season.

Mrs. Frank H. Clemson, of near Stormstown, was a shopping visitor to Bellefonte yesterday. The Clemson children, who are attending Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport, are enjoying the Christmas holidays at home.

To ladies not wishing to come to the store and see our Christmas display, we would explain that we will be very glad to bring samples of cigars to your homes, by apointment. We have Bell phone, No. 189-2 Bush House Cigar Store.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Rees will go to Patton today to spend Christmas with their son and his daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Rees, and especially with their little grandchild who is just beginning to reach that age when the coming of Santa Claus is the greatest event in the year.

Sam. Bryant having decided to hold down a job at Tyrone during the winter months, Charley Rote has been chosen manager and leader of the Coleville band. Charley has it in him to make a first-class leader and under his direction the Coleville band should have a successful career.

Christmas at the H. M. Bidwell home will be one of genuine happiness and the biggest, fattest turkey to be found will be on the table in honor of the return of one of the boys, Fred, who has been away undergoing medical treatment for some time past. Mr. Bidwell went out to the western end of the State on Monday, returning home with Fred on Tuesday night.

Mrs. Patsy Stewart, of West Linn Street, is enjoying a very happy Christmas holiday, entertaining her son, William, and his two children, from Seattle, Washington. She was especially anxious that he should spend this Christmas with her and also that he should bring the children along. Her's was a keen disappointment when she learned that the children would probably not come. Just when she was picturing to herself how splendid it would be to have the grandchildren with her along they came with their father. Disappointment gave way to joy, following the delightful surprise, and unless we miss our guess there will be the biggest kind of a turkey on the Stewart table in honor of the day and the little family reunion.

ROBERT STRUNK DEAD

Aged Citizen Passed Away Sunday Night at Bellefonte Hospital.

Robert Strunk, an aged and well known citizen, whose home is nearby Bellefonte, passed away at 9.15 o'clock on Sunday night, last after an illness of two weeks. His death occurred at the Bellefonte hospital. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon, at 1 o'clock, Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt, pastor of the Reformed church, officiating. Deceased was a well known and highly respected in this community, where he had made his home for many years. He was 74 years old.

Surviving are a widow and eleven children, as follows: Mrs. Emma Kunes, of Blanchard; Henry Strunk, of Jacksonville; Frank, of Howard; Mrs. Harry Miller, John, Mrs. Robert McMullen, Mrs. Walter Scull, Mrs. Joseph Kellecher, Mrs. Curtin Taylor, Ray and Blanche, all of Bellefonte.

Lost His Pocketbook.

Jury Commissioner J. D. Decker, of Potters Mills, this week lost his pocketbook, containing some money and valuable papers. The loss of the papers has caused him no little anxiety and his Christmas would indeed be a happy one if Santa Claus would happen along with the missing pocketbook. Mr. Decker says that he will be very glad to reward the finder if the pocketbook is restored to him.

READY FOR CENSUS

Plans Being Perfected for Learning About Church-Goers Here.

The house-to-house canvas to take a religious census of this section, mentioned in these columns two weeks since, has been planned and will be carried out on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 27th. The committee has districted Bellefonte, and the community adjacent to it, into about sixty districts. Two canvassers will be placed in each of these districts. They will go from house to house, and wherever they find people living there they will seek the information that is wanted. The business houses will not be canvassed, it being assumed that the information about the people working in such places will be gotten by those who canvass their homes. But all hotels, lodging houses, apartment houses etc. will be visited.

The people who are to do this are workers from the various churches. They will meet at the Chapel of the Presbyterian Church, Wednesday afternoon, not later than 1.30. There they will get their material for work and instructions how to work. Then they will scatter all over the region mapped out. They will go to every house. It is desired that the people whom they visit be duly courteous to them, after the manner of true American citizens, and give them the little information they seek. After they have gathered the data this will be tabulated, and given to the pastors of the churches of the community.

The preference of every person canvassed will reach the proper pastor. All Catholic families will be given to the priest of the Roman Catholic Church. The various Protestant preferences will be handed over to the minister representing that church in this section. After that it will depend on each church doing the work to which it is called, to make the results good and lasting.

DIED IN OHIO

William Beck, former Centre Countian, Buried at Boalsburg.

William Beck, a well known farmer and former Centre Countian, died on Wednesday of last week at his late home in Stark County, Ohio. His remains were brought to Boalsburg for interment at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, last. By a strange coincidence his funeral was held on his sixty-third birthday anniversary. The services were largely attended.

In his early life Mr. Beck was a blacksmith, being located at one time or another at Pine Grove Mills, Shingletown and Erbtown. He subsequently engaged in business as a merchant at Shingletown. About fifteen years ago he took up farming in West Ferguson township, ten years later removing to Blair County. Last spring he closed out his well stocked farm in Blair County and removed to Ohio.

Up until Tuesday of last week Mr Beck was in his usual good health. On the morning of that day he went out to the barn to look after his stock. When he did not return as soon as expected, others went to the barn to call him. There he was found in an unconscious condition, having been seized with heart failure. He failed to rally and his death followed the next day. He was a member of the Presbyterian church and was twice married. His first wife was Miss Mable Boop, to this union one son and one daughter being born. Five years after the death of his first wife Mr. Beck married Miss Mollie Burchfield, daughte of the late Judge William Burchfield, of Pine Grove Mills. To the second union there were born two sons and one daughter.

DEATH AT HUBLERSBURG

Calvin H. Vonada, Popular Young Farmer, was Ill but 3 Days.

An especially sad death was that of Calvin H. Vonada, who died at 6.45 o'clock on Thursday evening of last week, after an illness of but three days. Death was due to spinal meningitis, the end coming so suddenly as to shock his wide circle of friends. Funeral services were held on Monday morning, at 10 o'clock, at Hublersburg, after which the body was taken to the church at Zion, later interred, in the cemetery at that place.

Deceased was a popular and successful young farmer and was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends. He was born at Zion August 4, 1883, making his age 28 years, 4 months and 10 days. A consistent and active member of the Reformed church, he was a type of young man who was a credit to the community in which he lived. By those who knew him best and who had learned to admire him for his many noble qualities, his untimely death is deeply mourned. Surviving are a widow and one child, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Vonada, of Zion, and also the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Harvey Guiser, George, Charles and Adam Vonada, all of Hublersburg.

Married at Altoona.

Before the altar of the First Methodist Episcopal church, at Altoona, last Saturday evening, the pastor, Rev. Horace Lincoln Jacobs, married Mr. Charles Becker Harnish, formerly of Snow Shoe Intersection, and Miss Edythe Jessie Mayes, of 1222 Pennsylvania avenue, Tyrone. A number of friends witnessed the ceremony, and accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Harnish to their home in Tyrone.

O, YOU COUPONS!

We have adopted a new Profit Sharing Plan which is equivalent to making you a partner in our business. Instead of offering premium checks, trading stamps or bonds, on the basis of 2 per cent. on the dollar to be redeemed by some outside organization, we give you certificates ranging in value from five to ten cents on every dollar you spend with us and redeem the certificates in our own store. We are not in a Trust and therefore under no heavy expense for fixed charges to cover payment of high rent or expensive Trust organizations.

We now have ready and on display in our store for our Christmas trade

Seventy-five Brands of

IMPORTED & DOMESTIC CIGARS

$1.00 to $7.00 per box.

Meerschaum Pipes $6 to $14, Imported 3-B Pipes $2 to $4.
Extra Large Line of French Briar Pipes, $1.50 to $7.
Cigar Holders and Cigarette Holders, 25c. to $2.50.
Tobacco Pouches, 25c. to $1.00.

We have just received a

Fine Assortment of Chocolates

Plain packages 50c, to $3.50, Fancy packages 60c. to $12

We Want and Need Your Friendship & Trade

and will do all we can to make you equally anxious to become a friend and customer of ours.

Every Saturday is Double-Coupon Day.

Bush House Cigar Store,

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REMEMBER

Everything in this store is selected with the greatest care to secure the very latest and most correct style.

This is a well-known fact and greatly enhances the value of a gift from here.

The cost is no more, usually it is less.

We ask you to call and inspect our line of

Waterman Pens
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Diamonds, Jewelry, Bracelets, Lockets, Chains, Lavaliers, Watches, Clocks, Hand Painted China,

and everything in the Jewelry and Silverware business. We are sure we can supply your wants.

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BOTH PHONES.

DO NOT FORGET

To Bring Anything Back After Christmas That Does Not Suit You.

Store Open Until Midnight, Sat., Dec. 23rd.

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